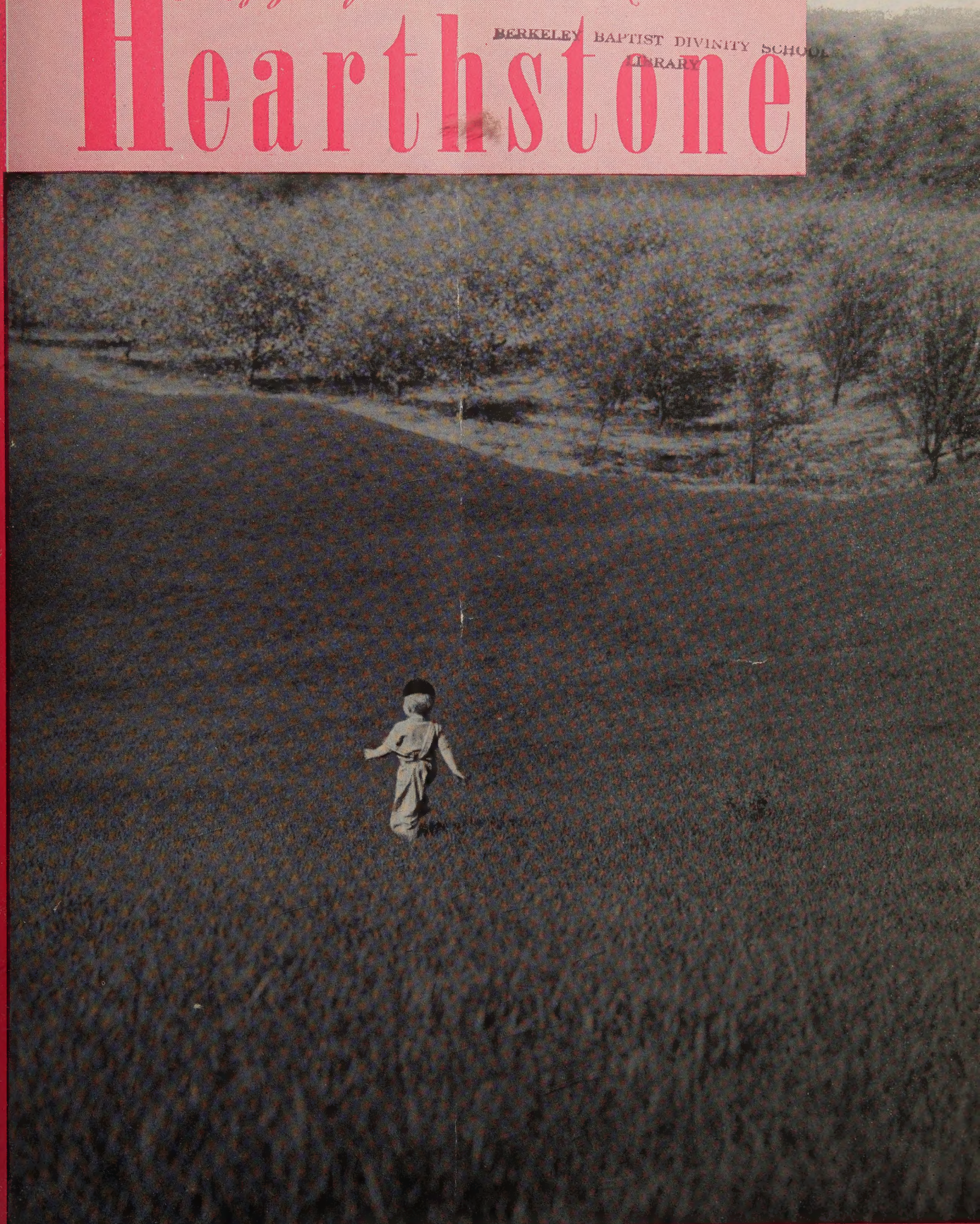
The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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- **Give Youth a Good Environment** – ***Russel E. Brown***
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April 1951

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

E. Lee Neal, *Editor*

Nancy Ray Allen, *Assistant Editor*

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Fireside Chat . . .

An absorbing portrait of an un usual personality is presented b Mazelle Wildes Thomas in he poem, "My Aunt Aurille." Mrs Thomas is the well-known autho of children's stories and the wif of the director of Religious Edu cation for the Massachusetts Coun cil of Churches.

✦ ✦ ✦

Ewald Mand, minister of th First Baptist Church of Rockport Massachusetts, has written of de mocracy in action in his account o an Estonian family who comes t live in a New England communit in "We Resettle Our First Fam ily."

✦ ✦ ✦

Our study article for this montl is "That's the Way the Mone Goes," by Frank T. Hoadley. So if you're having trouble gettin the last bite of elasticity out of th budget we suggest you try Mr Hoadley's suggestions.

✦ ✦ ✦

Next month Thomas Curti Clark brings us a biographica sketch of Wilbur and Orvill Wright.

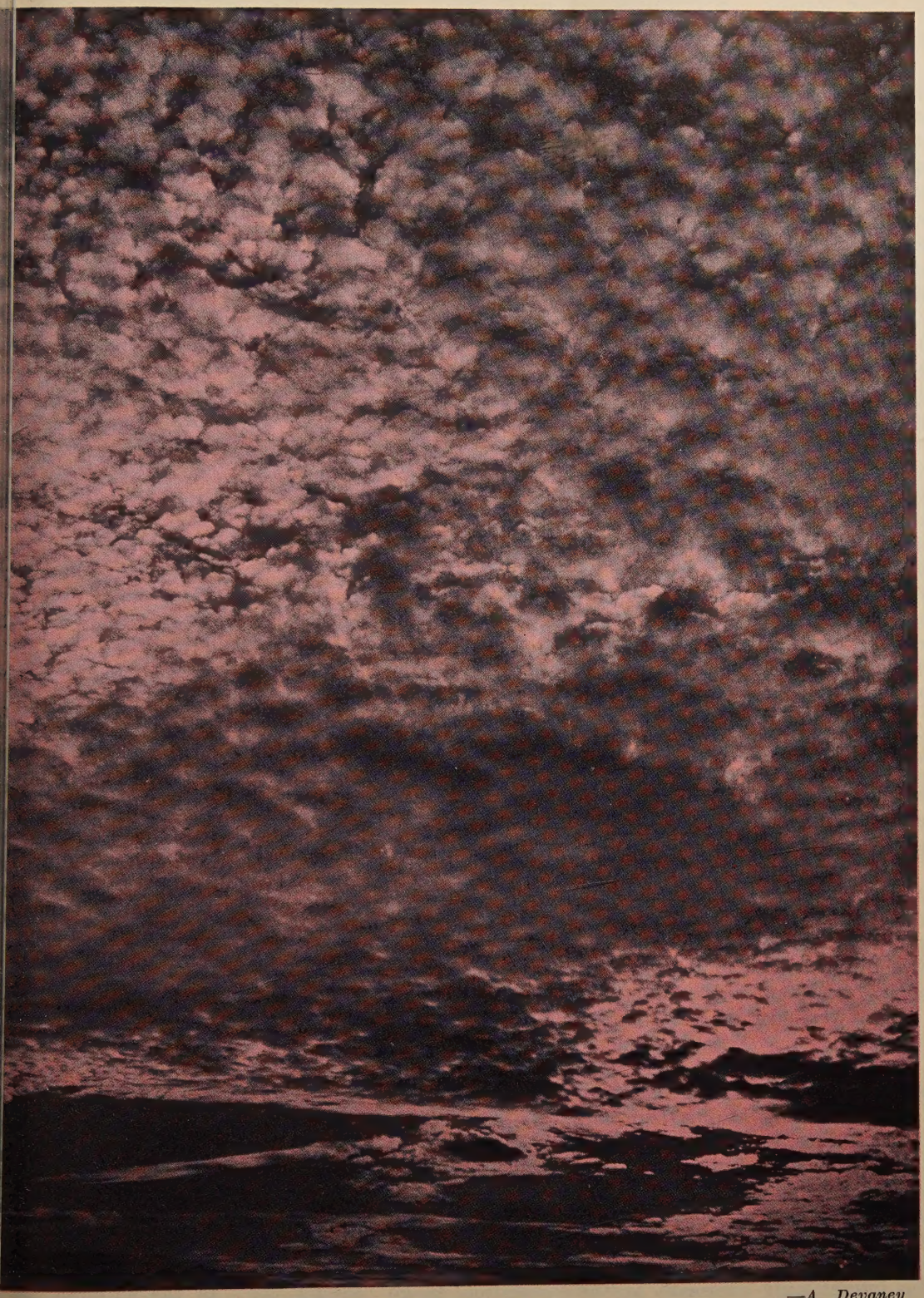
✦ ✦ ✦

And for parents of small fry we have helpful and interestin hints on planning those wonderfu birthday parties. Louise Pric Bell's suggestions are quite prac tical, you will be glad to note.

✦ ✦ ✦

OUR COVER PICTURE

We knew we wanted him for thi month's *Hearthstone* the first tim we saw the Little Fellow strikin off for himself across the land scape. That is exactly the wa April makes us feel. We only hop he doesn't give our readers too vio lent a case of spring fever (at leas not like ours).



—*A. Devaney*

A Word from The Word

The heavens declare . . .

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heavens.

Psalm 19:1-6

Give Youth A Good Environment

By RUSSELL E. BROWN

WHEN WE speak of environment we take in many areas of experience, for environment refers to our surroundings and the forces in them that tend to mold behavior and attitudes. Take the story of Harold who grew up in the midst of the city, living under the careful supervision of a domineering and neurotic mother. His father had left the home. Harold lived a restrained life and was taught to hate his father. He was an excellent student in school but became domineering with other young people, mature beyond his years, and harboring a deep resentment over his confined living. After his mother died suddenly, Harold wandered around town late at night, and was antagonistic to foster parents or anyone who tried to regulate his behavior. Here was a home environment that deprived him of the knowledge of what a home life could be, and that fostered deep resentments against society. This environment will make it very difficult for Harold to build a happy marriage in the years to come.

Another adolescent boy living in the lower class area of the city was facing tremendous environmental issues. Working with him one often saw written on his face something of the struggle within, and his behavior would vacillate quickly between friendliness and hostility. From a few questions he asked me one day it was suspected that Doug was just coming into an awareness of the fact that he was an illigitimate child and the disillusionment of it was tearing away at faith and confidence in life. The all-boys high school he attended had a low moral tone and no doubt he was finding it hard to overcome his sense of shame and horror of the events in which he was the victim. But interestingly enough the questions which he had asked had no sordid note to them at all. He had asked questions about forgiving someone who had done wrong, and loving someone who had made a mistake. These questions revealed his high idealism and the importance of guarding that idealism.

A father, mother, and three teenage children own their home in an old, deteriorating section of town. They have a lovely house and have worked hard to keep it attractively furnished and clean. The father said they had decided to buy a new house and move to a new section of town, although they had recently spent several hundred dollars fixing their present house. The father's reason was this, "We want to get out of this neighborhood." They were so conscious of the needs of teen-age young people that they were going to move into another neighborhood so the young people could have an environment of which they would not be ashamed. It is not uncommon to have young people ask to be dropped off at the corner of their street, because they are too ashamed to have one drive up to their house. With all the insecurities adolescents feel, to be ashamed of one's home, or neighborhood, or family, is a big burden to bear. The writer has found in counseling some of these young people that many of them did not respond to the suggestion to go away to school and make a break with their present surroundings. The feelings of inferiority which their home or community had forced upon them were keeping them from breaking away and facing the world.

The environment of young people is desperately important in shaping their lives—and the church cannot be the whole environment. And so to change society, we must change homes. One father said he thought his children could grow up in a veritable cesspool environment and not become delinquent as long as the home was strong. Later several calls had to be made in his home due to mild delinquency in his oldest boy. This home was not strong enough to withstand the low moral tone of the neighborhood. Parents must constantly examine their home and ask themselves, "What kind of an environment is this home for my child? What about our conversation in the home? Do we talk about things that are adding to the child's knowledge and vocabulary? Is there too much wrangling and arguing? Are we an orderly home with behavior patterns and orderly living? Is mother constantly tired with work and children to care for, so that the atmosphere becomes one of irritation and impatience? Do we catch ourselves saying 'No!' to the children too often? Are we having good times together? Is Dad a part of the home?" One writer has said that in the modern home "... father is something between an absentee owner and a house guest."

What are the characteristics of a good home environment? First of all, there must be an atmosphere of love and harmony. The parents



—*Walter Hering.*

must love one another and the children must have the feeling that they are there because they are wanted.

If the parents love each other there is less chance of a parent fixating his total affection upon one child and smothering that child by over-solicitous concern. Children tend to develop much more wholesome sex attitudes in the home where there is real love between parents. The children will move normally into the heterosexual stage of growth, and with all of their idealism they will look for a mate with whom they can be as happy as their parents have been.

Normal wants of childhood must be met if the home environment is to be good. The beginning of delinquency in the boy, whose father thought their home environment was strong, was in stealing a ping-pong paddle from the church. It was easy to explain. The family was on relief. The boy belonged to a club where each boy owned his own ping-pong paddle. How else could he get that needed paddle except steal it? When the cause of the theft was discovered Dick was helped to earn a new ping-pong paddle with his name burned into the handle. Dick was also interested in playing the piano, and a student at the Conservatory gave him the chance to take lessons free. It was a big thrill to see a beautiful upright piano, that had been given to the church, given to Dick as his very own. The presentation of that piano in that poor little tenement in the South End of Boston will not soon be forgotten.

This was an attempt to combat the need to steal, by supplying some of those childhood wants that are fundamental to a feeling of security and being wanted. This doesn't mean that great gifts must be given, but love must be given, and some small gifts as tokens of love. Perhaps it should be said also, that too many things given are just as bad as not enough, and that gifts must never be a substitute for love.

Third, the home must also be a place for growth, not just child growth, but adult growth as well. We need to think of the home as a place for growth, mentally and spiritually, as well as socially. The children should be learning to express themselves with a wide vocabulary. They should be finding interesting and instructive books in the family bookcase, like atlases, books of general knowledge, travel, and true adventure stories. Dr. Harry Overstreet in his book, *The Mature Mind,*[1] says the important thing is "not just growing from childhood to adulthood but from immaturity to maturity."[1] Concern for others is part of this maturity we seek. Healthy attitudes toward other races and religions, a world outlook, and an understanding of one's responsibility toward society: all these the home can teach in countless little ways through the attitudes and conversation of parents and children.

Finally, Christ as a real presence must be part of the environment of a Christian home. This does not mean memorizing a grace for meals or learning Bible verses or even helping the children with their Sunday school lessons. All these should be done. But children must catch the feeling that their parents really do believe in Christ, that they pray because they *are* thankful, and that they put their trust in Christ because they feel he *really will* help them. Much lip service has been paid to Christ. But many young people have not been entirely convinced of their parents' sincerity. You see, parents must be maturing and growing in Christianity if they are to keep pace with youth and provide them with a good environment for the Christian life.

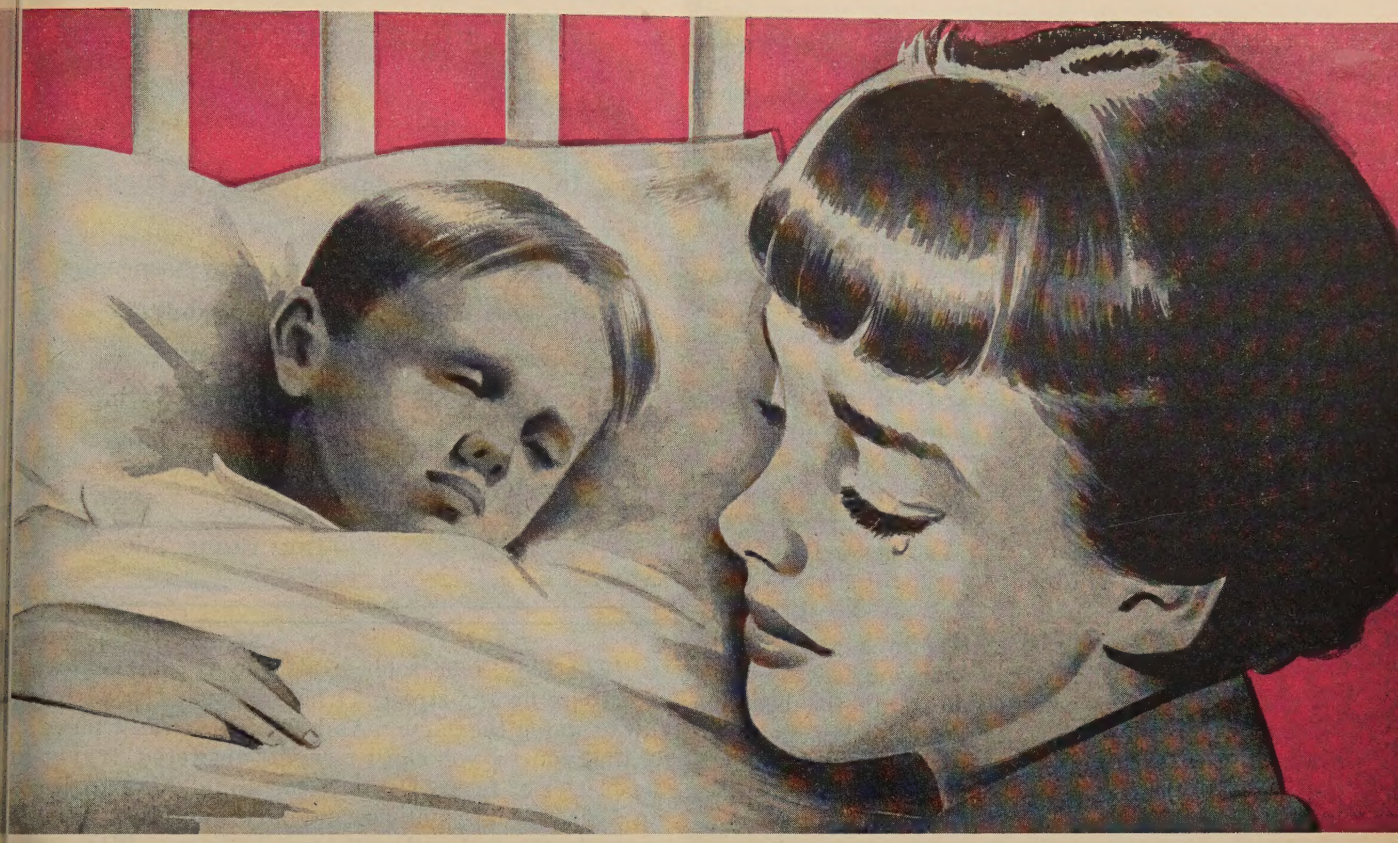
[1]New York: W. W. Norton & Company.

Our Aunt Aurille

In winter time—
She wore a brown tweed coat
Full cut and long and belted at the waist.
Long since outmoded by Dame Fashion,
It suited well—
Her tall and slender figure.
Her bonnet was as timeless as the coat
And tied beneath her chin.
Upon her feet she wore a pair of sturdy "arctics"
Like the schoolboys wore.
No winter storm of wind or snow
Could keep her in.
She seemed instead to welcome them.
Her head—she carried up
And forward—just a bit,
She always looked as though she were in haste
To meet
Whoever or whatever was ahead.
Upon her arm where always hung
The brown reed basket.
Sometimes it held a jar of jam,
Or crusty loaf of fresh-baked bread,
A half a dozen eggs or so.
Sometimes a mold of butter churned that morning,
Or a pat of cottage cheese.
To follow her (I sometimes did) would be—
To learn who in the village stood
In need of help that day.
Just how she learned who these folk were
We never knew.
But learn she did,
And very often reached their door
Before the kin-folk came.
She always took the path around the back,
Then lightly knocked upon the door
Before she entered in.
If someone came to greet her—fine—
If not, she laid her bonnet off—
Her mitts and boots—Her scarf and coat,
Then sought the room where
Sat or lay the troubled one.
One felt her 'most before he saw her
As one feels the warm rays of the sun
On cloudy days.
It may have been her smile that seemed—
In truth—a light.
It may have been the warmth that spread
Throughout the room from her
Outstretched and eager hands—
One couldn't always tell.
Her voice was low.
Her speech was soft.
And every word she uttered
Seemed just the one you wanted most to hear.
I've often watched her
Still a baby's feverish cry,
Have listened while she sooothed
A tense and fretful child to healthy sleep.
And then there was that time
When Sarah,
A young and grief-torn mother,
Couldn't loose her pent-up sorrow,
And neighbors feared her reason was affected.
I saw this gentle person
Loose the floodgates of that frozen grief
And then as gently draw them closed again.
Wher e'er she went, she spread a healing balm
To leave a peace that penetrated every
Soul within its reach.
Do you wonder
She was sought for by the rich, the poor,
The learned and the ignorant?
And welcomed too, she always was
For gay and festive celebrations.
She had a gift for speaking,
A ready wit and read the masters
With a charm learned long ago
In Boston's better schools (for females).
She was—as you can see—
A vital part of all the village life,
And seemed so sort of
—Everlasting—
We never thought she'd one day
Climb the hill—
The steep ascent up which she'd helped
So many climb to reach the Golden Gates.
But on a fragrant summer day
When she had lived a score of years
Beyond Her three score years and ten
She climbed that hill.
Ah—not alone,
Though none of us were there
To ease or watch her as she climbed.
But knowing her
We think she must have welcomed
That last, long and weary climb,
And made it with her head held high
And forward—just a bit
As though in haste to meet
Whoever or whatever was ahead.
We also think when well within
The shining gates
She must have stopped
For just a fleeting moment
To send a warm and loving smile
To those of us she'd left behind.
For on that day when she was found
Asleep—upon her couch,
She wore a smile that told us
That she'd found what she had said—
We all would find—one day.
And on the floor beside the couch
They found her basket (we have it still).
It held a loaf of gingerbread, fresh buttermilk,
And roses—
Such as climbed above her door.
A note pinned to the linen napkin cover read—

"Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled,
Neither Let It Be Afraid
For Lo—I Am With You Always
Even Unto the End of the World."

Mazelle Wildes Thomas



"Sorry I was such a baby," he gulped. "I'll play ball yet. Wait and see!"

Dreams for Danny

ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS PEARSON

I HAD JUST finished giving Danny his breakfast tray when Kit opened my kitchen door. Kit and I had been girls together. Since Danny had been ill with polio, she stopped each morning on her way to work. Kit would never rate in a beauty show but everyone loved her. She looked smart in her new gray suit and perky hat.

"Hi, Bess!" she called her face bright with affection. "How's Danny this morning?"

"Just the same," I answered wearily. "He doesn't suffer."

"It's been tough!" she said. Her voice was warm like a coat about me.

I began to pile the dishes in the sink. I couldn't talk about Danny even to Kit, my best friend. All of Ted's and my future had been bound up in our son. And now, a twelve-year-old boy, he had been stricken with polio. Day after day, he lay in bed, his lower limbs paralyzed.

"It'll be a long pull, building a new life for Danny," she murmured softly, as if to herself.

A dish slid from my hand into the soapy water. "A new life for Danny? How can there be anything worth while for him?"

"I don't know how, Bess," she answered thoughtfully. "But he's alive, darling. Poor Kate Worth's little son didn't pull out of it, you know."

"Yes, I know."

Her brown eyes watched me searchingly. "Bess," she continued, "couldn't you think of Danny as a normal boy, running about the streets with the kids?

A Story by

MARY B. BUTCHART

Of course, he's helpless now. But Dr. Price told you he might walk again, with braces and a cane. I kept thinking about Danny last night. Bess, you had some wonderful dreams for Danny. For his sake, couldn't you make some of those dreams come true?"

Tears filled my eyes, but theye were tears of hope, not of bitterness. Kit was right. The fight would be terrific, long and hard. God would give me strength and courage. No matter what the cost, life must not end for Danny! I forgot I was tired. I was young and strong. I would fight. I would win. I would build a new life for my son.

"You look just fine!" I heard Kit's happy laugh as she joked with Danny in the bedroom. "You'll be up and around before you know it. Here, I brought some books for you to mull over. Be good, now."

"Thanks a lot, Aunt Kit! You're swell to bring me things. Don't forget to come tomorrow, will you?"

"Of course not! Goodbye, lad!"

The door slammed and Kit was gone, leaving a ray of sunshine behind her. I went into the bedroom to give Danny his bath and there he lay, grinning from ear to ear, waving at Kit through the window as she walked down the street.

"Gee, Mom!" he cried. "See all the books Aunt Kit brought me."

"She's a pretty fine friend, isn't she, son? How about a bath? And it's time for your rubdown."

He was in fine spirits. "Aunt Kit says I'll be up and around before I know it, Mom," he said. "Think she's right?"

"Of course, you're going to walk again."

How shrivelled his limbs looked beneath my hands! Bright, gray eyes; an alert, intelligent mind; and a gay, brave spirit! Such a lad was my Danny!

"And Dad'll help, too?" he asked drowsily.

"This job is a family affair," I answered, thinking how hard Danny's illness had been on Ted.

"And I'll be a doctor when I grow up," Danny went on. "I'll take care of all the little kids with polio. I'll be able to help 'em 'cause I've had it myself. Dr. Daniel Smith! How's that, Mom?"

By eleven o'clock, Danny was sleeping comfortably, and I drove to the grocery to attend to the week's marketing.

"There's more work than I can handle these days," I thought wearily, as I drove along. "But we can't afford help. If Ted could only wangle a raise!"

Coming home, I saw some boys playing ball in the street. "Danny'll be doing that someday, perhaps," I thought happily, as I unlocked the door.

Suddenly, I stopped! The stillness was broken by the sound of stifled sobbing. I dropped the groceries, and ran to Danny's room. He lay with his arms over his face, his shoulders heaving, his breath coming in gasps.

"Danny!" I cried, dropping on my knees beside his bed, pulling him toward me to ease his head against my breast.

"Danny, darling! What is it?"

Transformation

In trees where lately ice-wands hung
The birds are singing merrily,
The leaves are green and newly-sprung
In trees where lately ice-wands hung.
Soon I shall look for nests among
The branches hanging over me,
In trees where lately ice-wands hung
The birds are singing merrily!

—Inez Clark Thorson

"The kids!" he sobbed. "They're playing catch out there on the street. I heard 'em. I tried to sit up to watch the game. And, O Mom, I can't move!"

"Of course, you can't now," I answered, trying to be matter-of-fact. Danny, too, would have to learn to fight. I dare not let him pity himself. "You'll move in the bed and walk, too, later on. Why, only this morning you planned to be a doctor. Remember?"

DANNY'S eyes searched mine in surprise. Seeing how calm I was, his mood began to brighten.

"Sorry I was such a baby," he gulped. "I'll play ball yet, wait and see!"

That night, I put up a card table beside Danny's bed and we ate dinner together. It was a wonderful meal, for love was there and hope and faith filled our hearts. Ted, looking dreadfully white and drawn when he came home, began to relax over his coffee. He amused Danny with stories of the huge, new machines they were making at the factory. I sat dreaming of the future, Danny's future, praying that he might have a fine life in spite of his handicap.

"Danny seems brighter tonight," remarked Ted as he helped me wipe the dishes. "By the way, Bess, I think I'm in line for a raise."

"Thank heavens!" I exclaimed. "The bills are driving me crazy! How are we ever going to pay the doctor?"

Ted sighed. He had aged ten years in a few months. "There'll be overtime after the first of the year. Don't worry, dear. You have your hands full taking care of Danny."

Next day, I saw Jimmy Becker, a pal of Danny's who lived in the next block, pass our house.

"Oh, Jimmy," I called from the doorway. "Wait a minute, will you?"

"Danny's not worse, Mrs. Smith?" he cried, running up the steps.

"He's a little better," I answered happily. "Jimmy, how'd you like to drop in to see Danny after school?"

Evening in the Country

At six, a whisper in the atmosphere
Had intimated marvel hovered near.

The intimation was confirmed at seven
In flashing signal codes across blue heaven.

The record proved bewildering at eight
In cosmic chaos none could penetrate.

Serenity had been restored at nine
When monarch moon forbade small stars to shine.

At ten, I disbelieved the early riot;
This sky seemed orderly and old and quiet!

—ELINOR LENNEN

"He's well enough? Honest?"

"I'm sure he is, Jimmy! He can't move his legs very well. But he looks the same. He's thinner, of course."

"Could the gang see him?" begged Jimmy, saying just what I hoped he would say.

"I'll fix a snack for you two after school. If Danny doesn't get too tired, perhaps we can have the boys in tomorrow."

From the kitchen, I heard Danny's eager questions about the school, the Cub Scouts, and the seemingly endless interests which crowd a young boy's days.

Then Jimmy said, "Now, mum's the word! Let me do the talkin', kid. I'll ask your Mom."

I grabbed the tray piled with sandwiches and cokes. "Bless his heart," I thought happily. "Jimmy's thought of something!"

"Here's your snack, boys," I laughed. "Like to eat now?"

"You here, Mrs. Smith," began Jimmy, pushing a chair forward.

"This party's stag," I answered. "No women allowed."

"Please, Mom," begged Danny. "We've got things to talk over."

"You see," began Jimmy, his appetite satisfied for the moment. "We've been thinking that Dan could watch the fellows play ball if his bed were over next to the side window. Give him something to do. He's good at the game. Might even coach some of the new fellows."

"Why, of course, he could," I answered slowly, wondering why I hadn't thought of it. "That's a grand idea!"

The boys exchanged glances. Then Jimmy remarked with pretended indifference, "Dan's been telling me about wanting to be a doctor when he grows up. And and we think he ought to be gettin' back to school."

"Back to school!" I protested. "Danny's still in bed!"

"I know, I know," Jimmy answered with a how-dumb-parents-can-be expression on his face. "I'll bring his lesson home every day, and take his papers back for the teacher to correct. Why don't you talk to Miss Nesbit? Dan would catch up in no time, 'specially with you to help him. By next fall, he'd be back with the class. He's the smartest kid in our gang. Why, it would be a cinch!"

I LOOKED AT Danny. His face was full of eagerness and longing. He hadn't looked like that since he had become ill. Perhaps perhaps this was the way to build a new life for Danny.

"Please, Mom," he whispered, as he saw me hesitate.

"I'll do it," I promised. "If your father thinks it's wise, I'll see Dr. Price and talk to Miss Nesbit."

"That's the boy, Danny, old kid!" yelled Jimmy his dark eyes flashing as he leaped to his feet to do a war dance about Danny's bed, a coke bottle in one hand and a sandwich in the other while Danny and I shouted laughter.

"Dont' let Danny get too tired, that's all," Dr. Price cautioned. "There's fine stuff in Danny."

Jimmy brought Danny's lessons home, and Miss Nesbit who was a born teacher, glorified in the fact that a boy stricken with polio had enough grit to keep up his schoolwork.

"You can certainly be proud of Danny, Mrs. Smith!" she exclaimed one day, her eyes shining. "He's a wonderful boy."

And we were proud of Danny, Ted and I. Her encouragement and Danny's progress, both mentally and physically, made life seem worth while.

Each morning, Danny was lifted into his wheel chair. He sat by the window. And, with the help of braces on his legs and crutches, he learned to take a step or two.

Ted and I had no time to think of ourselves. He took all the overtime he could possibly get at the factory. We simply had to have more money. He worked until eight or nine o'clock at night. Exhausted, he would fall asleep in his chair after supper until I urged him to go to bed.

And my work was never done. I spent hours each day massaging Danny, rubbing and rubbing those shrunken limbs. The days wore themselves out in an endless routine. Straighten the house, rub Danny; do the marketing, rub Danny; wash and iron, moist packs for Danny; food on the table, listen to Danny's English, and try to keep awake.

It was a desperate fight but shoulder to shoulder Ted and I fought for our son. Almost before we knew it, Danny was fourteen years old, ready for high school, and we faced another problem.

Again Jimmy came to the rescue. "Now don't you worry about Danny, Mrs. Smith," he commanded in an offhand way as if Danny's crippled limbs were merely a minor matter. "I'll sign up for the same courses; wheel him to class myself. There's no problem."

"I'll be all right, Mom," declared Danny.

"If you should fall. . ." I hesitated.

"He isn't goin' to fall, Mrs. Smith," broke in Jimmy. "Drive him to school yourself. The fellows will carry him in. Wait and see! It'll work out."

Each morning Jimmy helped me lift Danny into the car, and to shove his wheel chair into the trunk compartment. By the time I reached the school a gang of boys were waiting.

"Out of the way there, you little kids," commanded Jimmy to the lower grade youngsters who stood watching. "Put your arms around our necks, Dan. Just forget the rest. We won't let you fall. Easy does it."

And Danny's thin arms shot out to grasp each boy around the neck while they, bending, slipped their arms beneath his body, lifted him carefully, and lowered him gently into his chair.

As I watched my crippled son disappear through the door of that high school, I wanted to cry out, "It's too hard! It's too long! How can a sick boy take his place among a group of healthy, normal youngsters?"

But I bit my lips until the blood tasted warm and salty on my tongue. Desperately, I started the car, raced down the avenue, not daring to look back.

"You don't need to come to school this noon, Mother," he said one morning. "The fellows will get my tray."

"Those boys won't bring you the right things to eat, Danny," I protested. "You'll be sick."

"No, I won't, Mom. Miss Nesbit said she'd check my tray. Jimmy's got the fellows all signed up. The big kids will lift me out of the car, and the rest of the gang'll take turns bringing my lunch. Please, Mom. I'd rather get along myself."

But our problems nagged us night and day for Danny had his sick spells. Often, he lost weeks of school, only to start again with returning strength, fighting his way with a quiet determination. Danny was going to be a doctor and give his life in service that other children might walk again.

Every summer, Dr. Price would advise a trip to this or that sanitarium, or some new and expensive treatment. Ted was driven as never before. Our house began to look shabby. Every cent we could rake and scrape together was spent to build a normal life for Danny.

"So Danny's going to graduate," remarked Kit one morning as she dropped in for a cup of coffee on her way to work. "Four years in high school! I can't believe it! Now, perhaps you and Ted can take things a bit easier."

I shook my head. "Danny's determined to try college. He wants to be a doctor, you know."

"Oh, Bess!" she cried. "You and Ted have worked so hard so terribly hard. I hoped you'd have a rest."

BUT TED and I forgot all the work the day of Danny's graduation. How we had waited for the moment when our son would take his place with his classmates! Mr. Brock, the superintendent, said some nice things about Danny. And, like a crazy kid, he waved at us from the platform, grinning from ear to ear.

Yes, Danny had finished high school. We were excited and happy. But I knew if Danny went to college the fight would go on.

The next day, Dr. Price called. "I want you to take Danny to Hot Springs," he declared. "Give the lad six weeks in the sanitarium. Let him take the treatments; swim in the pool. He'll be ready for college in the fall."

So far, we had been able to break even by scrimping here and there. Hot Springs would mean going into debt. It was an auto trip of nearly four hundred miles. Danny mustn't get too tired. And Ted? What would he do all summer?

"Don't think up problems, Bess," he said with his same cheerful smile. "Get ready and go. I'll keep bachelor's hall. With so much overtime," he added, "I'll be glad to rest."

Danny made a host of friends at Hot Springs, boys and girls like himself who were struggling back to normal. He wrote to his father every day. The weeks flew by and Danny grew as brown as a berry. The treatments did wonders for him for he walked much better now using only one crutch.

I was very happy. Things were working out well. My brother promised to stand back of us until Danny won his degree. All this would relieve the dreadful financial strain. Then, too, Danny had been awarded a fine gift scholarship through the Educational Foundation.

"If Danny only keeps well," I thought. "Seven years will slip away before we know it."

That fall, Ted and I began to live our college days all over again. I drove Danny across town to the university each morning and home again at night. He managed his studies well enough, but he was frail and used his strength to the limit each day. Until his Junior year, he had little social life, feeling the handicap of his infirmity.

But Jimmy, who still looked after Danny in a big-brother sort of way, decided that he had been out of things long enough. He was determined that Danny should go to the Junior Class party. They were arguing about it when I picked them up one evening. Danny was disgusted. "For crying out loud!" he exclaimed. "I never had a date with a girl in my life and you know it. What girl wants to go out with a guy who walks with a crutch? Want her to sit draped against the sidelines all evening?"

"Hold on a minute," answered Jimmy patiently. "You're popular enough on campus to drag a date. Get yourself a girl. The fellows will see that she has a good time. If you can't turn on the personality, you're not the guy I think you are."

Danny looked unconvinced. Jimmy went on. "We'll double date. Janet and I; you and Muriel. How about it?"

"Why Muriel?" demanded Danny.

Jimmy winked at me. "Oh, because I know you're a bit keen on her. Janet told me that Muriel turned

(*Continued on page* 45.)

THE GOLDEN MOLD

The story of the wonder drug Aureomycin



Copyright by *Peter Erik Winkler*.

Dr. B. M. Duggar, who isolated the mold from which aureomycin is pr duced, examines an array of test tubes in which early cultures of mo are growing.

MOLDS WERE USED as home remedies as far back as the Middle Ages. Husbands injured during hunting trips on feudal game preserves had their wounds treated with their wives' favorite hot poultice of yeast and moldy bread, or sprinkled with powdered punks (mushrooms) in an attempt to stop the flow of blood. It is doubtful whether these crude treatments had much medicinal effect, because gradually they lost favor and for many years little was thought of any members of the entire mold family in connection with medicine.

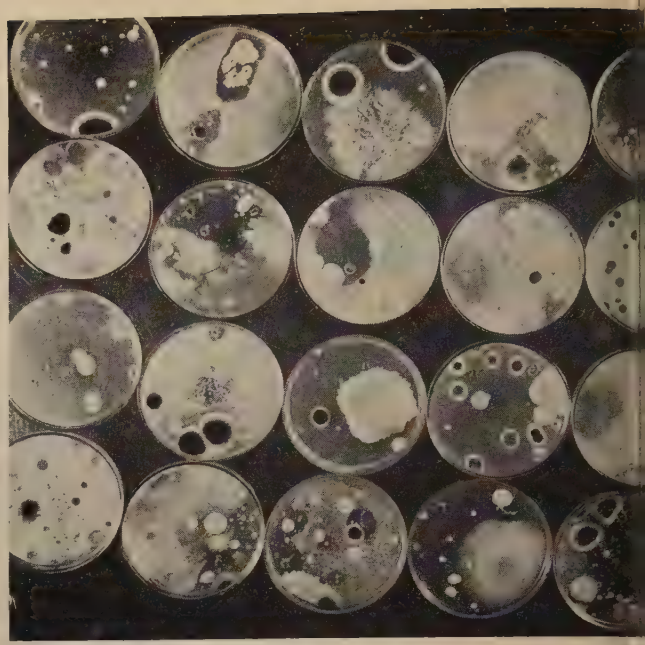
But in recent years, following the development of penicillin from a mold, interest in molds has a rebirth with scientists intensively seeking new mold-derived drugs. A reflection of this was the bringing of Dr. Benjamin M. Duggar to Lederle Laboratories at Pearl River, N. Y., as consultant on mycology or the study of fungi (molds). Shortly after his arrival at Lederle, Dr. Duggar, restless with consultation duties alone, began an attempt to develop a superior antibiotic. Antibiotic, in a medical sense, is defined as: A substance produced by the growth of molds and bacteria, this substance being effective in the treatment or control of one or more germ diseases. Penicillin and streptomycin, the first two antibiotics to achieve medical importance, were soon to be joined by Dr. Duggar's superior, more versatile antibiotic which is now called Aureomycin.

Dr. Duggar and his associates, from earlier work in the field, felt that one of the lesser studied families of molds (Actinomycetes) might furnish a valuable antibiotic. Since molds are members of the plant kingdom and are inhabitants of the soil, the Lederle researchers began their project by gathering more than six hundred soil samples from all over the United States. They probed these samples for strains, belonging to the actinomycete family, that would be effective against organisms upon which penicillin and streptomycin had proved to have little effect. The task was an intensive one—that of weeding out the nonproducing strains, for although more than 3400 strains showed promise, more than ten times that number were examined and rejected as inferior or as being obviously duplicates.

By Robert Oppenheimer



Dr. B. M. Duggar, Lederle scientist who discovered Aureomycin, unpacks paper cups containing samples of soil received from all parts of the world. From just such a cup of earth, the "golden mold" used to produce Aureomycin was isolated.



Molds such as a housewife often finds on cheese or bread look like this in laboratory Petri dishes. Each of these contains growing cultures of mold from the soil samples—and from one like this was produced golden colored Aureomycin.

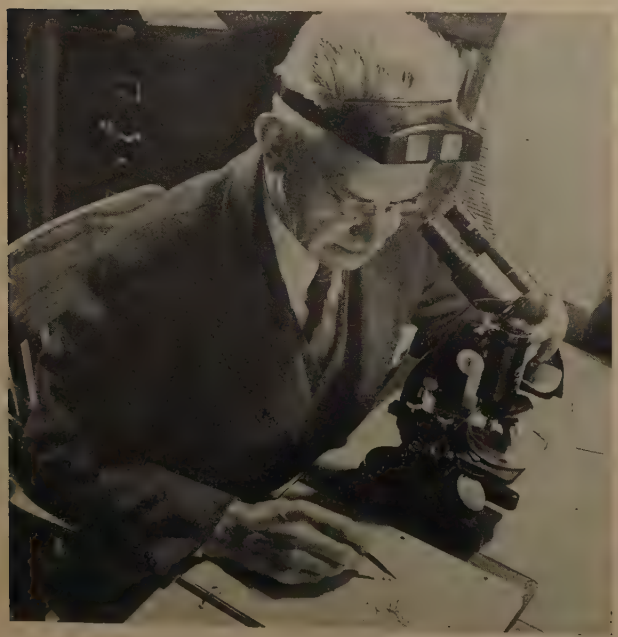
Copyright by *Peter Erik Winkler.*

Those molds tentatively approved were tested for potency by putting them on laboratory plates along with specific bacteria and watching the ability of the molds to prevent the growth of these bacteria. Any mold with the capacity to produce a promising antibiotic substance was then carried further, and, if it passed other tests, ultimately went to the Pharmacology Department for toxicity texts—to find out if it was safe to use.

Of the entire group, Mold No. 377, producing a golden-colored substance, proved to be the safest and most effective of the 3400 strains. This was called Aureomycin, a name derived from the Latin word, aureus—meaning gold; and from the Greek form, myco—meaning fungus.

Investigators soon began to find out many wonderful things about Aureomycin. Penicillin is effective

(*Continued on page* 37.)



At his microscope, a Lederle biologist checks to see if the mold in the Petri dish is the same as the one in the magnified photos which produces Aureomycin.



This girl working at Lederle Laboratories takes samples from foaming tanks of Aureomycin during the refining process and tests them for purity in one of the many rigid chemical tests the material must pass before being released.

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—Herbert Lanks. —Black Star

teen-age discipline

Growing into maturity can be a happy adventure

by isaac beckes

TEEN-AGE DISCIPLINE involves many phases of adolescent activity. Parents who talk about it among themselves soon discover a variety of problems.

Bill goes dashing off to school leaving a hurricane of disaster in his wake—the hairbrush on the stair post, his washcloth on his mother's best dresser, the chairs and doorknobs decorated profusely with odds and ends of cast-off clothing. Mother sighs and spends the next half hour cleaning up the debris.

Joe's father watches the ashes pile up in the basement with keen disappointment. Obviously a high school lad ought to share in the family chores, but ashes are high in the furnace, endangering the grate. The ash can is full; the coal bucket is full; and a sizable pile is heaped in the corner. Joe's father doesn't believe his son should need to be collared each morning and made to clean up the basement. He wants a self-starter for a son. Confused, he wonders whether he should let the grates burn out and make Joe pay for it out of his allowance, or should he carry out the ashes himself.

Washing the dishes, getting homework done, trying to get the young person to act like a social being in company, deciding whether coming home at 10:00 P.M. means 10:00 P.M. or 10:15 P.M. or 11:00 P.M. All these and more are a part of the problems of teen-age discipline.

Getting the adolescent to face up to the consequences is a persistent issue. Failure to do homework

ultimately means lower grades, but he is very apt to blame the teacher for being a crank or even unfair. Keeping midnight hours, particularly during the week, means that the student can't be at his best next day, but this obvious fact will seldom deter the young person who gets the midnight habit. The consequences of spending all one's allowance on Monday seem evident. Yet, there is more than one Henry Aldrich who spends first, and then goes through agony the rest of the week trying to get out of the mess.

In other words, teen-age discipline involves the problem of teaching the young person to be a responsible, self-starting member of the family group, and ultimately of the wider society. Discipline is one of the means to mature personality. Actually, it isn't for the young alone, but for all members of the family and the community. Personal discipline is necessary to orderly society.

Indeed, undisciplined parents are often the key to problem adolescents. A grandfather recently remarked in regard to his grandson, "His father never puts anything away, and the boy certainly follows in his footsteps." The father is a prominent professional man. His office is a riot of carelessness; magazines, ash trays, newspapers, and numerous odds and ends lay where they were last used. Regardless of the father's general skill, a carelessly kept office does not build confidence in his professional leadership, and it is reflected in the outlook of his son.



One family became frantic over the constant indifference of their two sons to getting home at a reasonable hour. Investigation showed a long practice on the part of the parents of permitting the boys to go any respectable place—scouts, the church, the movies—in order to be rid of them. The father once remarked to their pastor, "Mother and I are happy that the church has so many activities for the boys. We are free to go out when they are at church." Several years of such treatment severed all loyalty to the home. Their intimate contacts are all outside the family circle. Deep inside they knew their parents were happier when they were away.

The adolescent is in a kind of no-man's-land. He is running from childhood like a scalded cat, but his parents often treat him like a child, refusing to recognize his ability to manage his own affairs. Indeed, many a parent secretly wants to keep the adolescent dependent upon the family.

This tendency of parents to dominate or interfere with the life of the maturing adolescent is a major source of conflict. The struggle for emancipation from parents is to the maturing personality of the teen-ager like air to a drowning man. He cannot achieve manhood, real manhood, without emancipation from the close guidance his family gave to his childhood.

Growing up to mature parenthood is as much a part of the problem of adolescent development as is the achievement of adulthood by the young person. Domination of children into their adult years indicates parental emotional immaturity, and has its end in frustration, disappointment, and conflict. Growing up in an atmosphere of love and confidence can be a happy adventure for both the teen-ager and his parents.

The achievement of status is an important element in the young person's fight for emancipation. Status in the group of which he is a part is essential to his emotional well-being. Status involves the winning of respect and approval from the group. If such respect and approval are not forthcoming from the family, the adolescent becomes more dependent upon his teen-age group.

Adult domination, nagging, continuous criticism, becoming the brunt of adult sarcasm and humor often intensify the conflict and frustration within the family. Such treatment clearly indicates to the young person that he isn't considered an equal, so he gives his primary loyalty to his teen-age group. Any activities within the family will then become of the "have to" variety.

Therefore, the family circle is the key to satisfactory adolescent adjustment. If it is truly a Christian fellowship dominated by the spirit of love, if it faces problems as a group, confronts issues fairly, and if when rules are made they apply to parents and children alike, then the teen-ager will think and act like a responsible individual in the group. He is very apt to give his primary loyalty to the home, and respond to guidance in carrying out his family responsibilities.

Families who play together, who build up a fellowship of good times, who in their play include something of interest to every member are likely to build the kind of spirit that makes for the achievement of maturity. In fact, good times in the home are almost essential to wholesome and cooperative family growth. A family that only works together is apt to be cursed with the spirit of monotony. Monotony of activities is a deadly inhibition to teen-age enthusiasm. Monotony, like criticism, will break the fellowship and cause the youngster to seek his fun in outside groups.

Talk of the family as the center of the young person's primary loyalty is not to imply that he should not under any circumstances be interested in groups outside the home, and that at times the activities and purposes of these outside groups will not conflict with those of the family. Indeed, sharing in community groups is essential to the teen-ager's development.

Through such groups his experience is broadened; he learns to cooperate on his own initiative, and take a position of leadership in community activities. Wise

parents will take an interest in such groups, make the acquaintance of the adult leadership and give them support in carrying out the group program. Sympathetic interest on the part of parents in the teen-ager's widening concerns, will provide for a basis of understanding when problems arise.

Here, too, the importance of church groups is apparent. Church groups are usually consistent in upholding the highest ends of Christian home life. The church is obviously an ally of the home in the development of mature and effective personality. It becomes, therefore, of urgent concern to the family that the church provide interesting and stimulating group activity for young people.

Usually, groups sponsored as a part of the extra-curricular program of the high school give excellent opportunity for teen-age fellowship. Serious disciplinary problems often arise from the influence of informal groups like fraternities and sororities, which may operate without competent supervision. In such groups, approval sometimes depends upon participation in socially questionable activities. The emotional results of such activities are often not only complex, but serious.

Parents have a prime responsibility to help their teen-agers understand the importance of adult fellowship in their groups, and to insist upon competent supervision regardless of the nature of the organization. To assume that the high school group can supervise itself is a fallacious assumption that is certain to to have unfortunate disciplinary results.

Teen-age discipline is, then, a family problem with deep implications for Christian living. Happy is the family that can grow up together to full Christian maturity. True maturity for Nancy at nineteen, for Joe at twenty-six and his bride soon to be, and for father and mother at fifty have different aspects, but they are all a part of the same problem, the problem of growing up together under the compulsion of Christian love.

It is the dull man who is always sure, and the sure man who is always dull.

H. L. Mencken

The generous man pays for nothing so much as for what is given him.

Thomas Fuller

THIN SCRAPBOOKS

When reading magazines and newspapers I keep a scrapbook tray or box at my side. In it is a bottle of mucilage or tube of paste, scissors, a punch, a package of heavy paper in a variety of bright colors, and a string or ribbon. When I come across a pretty picture or a funny photograph of animals, even an attractive scenic advertisement in colors, it is at once cut out and pasted on one sheet of paper. Perhaps in an hour's reading there will be half a dozen gay or unusual pictures to be saved. Ten or twelve pages, with pictures on both sides, are enough to make a thin scrapbook. The front cover is usually one of the colored sheets with the words *Good Luck* or *Sunny Hours* printed on it in big letters. Three holes are punched a few inches apart down the back edges of the pages, and fancy twine or ribbon ties them together.

These thin scrapbooks are easier than the big heavy ones for children to handle and pass around, and less awkward for a sick child to manage. A pile of them sent to a children's hospital will brighten many long hours. By keeping the scrapbook supplies all together in one's reading corner, a scrapbook may be put together quickly and makes a pleasant hobby for odd moments.

by LYDIA L. ROBERTS



—Paul Thompson

Theodore Roosevelt

crusader for righteousness

By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

IF EVER A child was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, it was Theodore Roosevelt. Reared in a brownstone mansion in New York City's most stylish center, the son of a rich glass merchant, he had all the advantages of wealth and privilege that one could desire. His family moved among the social elect, and his own home, adorned with Persian rugs and exquisite paintings, afforded him a veritable heaven on earth—if he wanted that kind of thing.

But young Theodore was not exactly happy amid these luxurious surroundings. He was a voracious reader of books, and he had reveled in the stories of the Vikings and the famous Sea Dogs—Drake and Frobisher and Sir Walter Raleigh—who had spent

their lives adventuring on the seas and in the forests. He particularly liked the stories of Daniel Boone and the brave Lewis and Clark. As America's early pioneers, they had won the "dark and bloody ground" for the nation and had pushed westward across the Mississippi, across the Rockies—away from the close confinement of too much civilization. As he read these adventurous stories, the brownstone house he lived in faded from view, and he longed to be a man of heroic deeds, too.

When he was about eighteen years of age, young Roosevelt entered Harvard. Most of his earlier education had been received from able tutors, not in public schools. Although he entered with zest into his studies at Harvard, perhaps the best part of these years were his vacation visits, with some of his family, to Maine. There, one of his best friends was Bill Sewall, a rugged backwoodsman, who taught him woodcraft and the habits of the deer and moose. Paddling together on the near-by lake, they had long talks of wild things and wild ways. That was Theodore Roosevelt's first lesson in Americanism. These were the real Americans—folks like those who lived in Maine.

Graduating from Harvard in 1880, the young man played around for a while, but he did some serious things, too. He wanted to write, so he tried his hand at a *Naval History of the War of 1812.* When it was published the critics praised it. But it was not enough, he thought, to be an author. He wanted some action. So he ran for the New York State Legislature, and he was elected. His rich friends chided him for getting into dirty politics. That was no place for a gentleman! But he thought it was, and when he ran up against the thugs and corrupt politicians who gave the signals in state politics, he had a merry fight. Some of the rough men he found in politics he liked; they were Americans, after all, and many of them had good hearts. He found himself in many interesting battles. He offered a motion to impeach a certain highly respectable judge who had been too easy with the powerful money interests. The judge was saved by the politicians from punishment, but throughout the state the grave fight of the silk-stocking from the brownstone house in New York became known.

A member of the legislature for three years, the ambitious Harvard graduate would liked to have gone farther in politics, but he had not been relished by the politicians, so he faded out. But he had a new idea. He had never been strong physically, and now he was tired out by his political battles. So he decided to take Horace Greeley's

(*Continued on page* 46.)

—*Paul Thompson*



"That's the Way THE MONEY GOES"

A PENNY for a spool of thread,
A penny for a needle,
And that's the way the money goes—
Pop! goes the weasel!

Most of us will agree that however the money goes, one thing is certain—it *goes*! A man was telling us the other day that he did not care how much he was paid on his new job—he would spend it all, and there would not be any left.

Beneath all our joking about the slippery quality of money, lies the solemn fact that even in wealthy America most of us have trouble making financial ends meet.

The Larsons have rented a small flat for years. Their fondest dream is to own a little home where the three children will have room to play, but there never is quite enough money to make a down payment.

The Bullocks have been through a tough year. The children had their teeth straightened, Mrs. Bullock was hospitalized, and Mr. Bullock had to have bifocals. Their bank account might have carried them through, but a strike at the plant cost Mr. Bullock three months' work. Their tiny savings account has been replaced by debt.

The Franklins do not seem to have any particular trouble with their finances. Most of the bills are promptly paid, but when their church's annual Every Member Enlistment comes, Mr. Franklin looks at the thirty-seven cents in his pocket that will have to tide him over until payday and says, "Well, I guess we'll have to cut down our pledge this year. Even with my raise, that twenty-five cents a week is more than we can afford." And, as he speaks, his face reddens, because he knows how far short of real tithing was the twenty-five-cent pledge.

What are the Larsons, the Bullocks, and the Franklins to do? Is there a Christian method of spending the family income? Could they end each year knowing that God's will had operated through the household pocketbook?

We might well ask ourselves: "Just what do I consider money to be?" To some people, it is a hard-earned reward, which one may use for comfort and amusement in any way that seems attractive. To others, money is a divine trust, administered according to the laws of God. The basic idea makes a difference.

By FRANK T. HOADLEY

Look at it this way: God does not give us money, but he gives us time and talents with which we earn it. We rent our talents and sell our time, and in return receive dollars. Therefore, it is not our money; it is God's. Of course this doesn't mean we must give every cent to the church, but it does mean all will be used in ways that God would approve.

Few projects are more worthy for your family council meetings around the dining-room table than working out a budget. Ask the family, "What would God like us to do with our income?" With a pencil and paper, or with chalk and blackboard, we can do some real planning.

Begin by marking the main headings that represent your family's probable expenses for the year: tithing, taxes, housing, fuel, utilities, household supplies and equipment, food, clothing, personal upkeep, transportation, health, insurance, savings, gifts, education and recreation. Perhaps you will think of others.

Notice that *tithe* is first on the list, where it belongs. We must not insult God by offering him the leavings. How much to tithe? Well, that's a matter between the family and God. Maybe the Old Testament rule of 10% (*tithe* means *tenth,* you know) should be your rule too, or the circumstances of your family may suggest a larger or smaller amount. The main thing is to decide on a percentage for God's work, and set it aside first; then it will be a pleasure to give to your church, to missions, to the Community Chest, and to other causes which the family decides are carrying out God's work.

Under *taxes,* of course, we haven't very much choice as to what we'll spend. We have to include income, sales, property, and other taxes that our federal, state, and local governments levy. But let's not think of these amounts as money thrown down the drain. In our family council let's remember some of the things we buy with taxes—health services, good roads, education; protection against fire, criminals, foreign aggression, etc. As Christians, we spend part of our God-given income for these things. As Christian *citizens,* we should see that the government we pay for is conducted in a Christian manner.

AFTER THE TITHE and taxes, we can consider how much money is really available for family use.

How much shall we spend for housing? At one time, some family budget experts used to say 15% of the income was enough, but this is hardly possible in most locations with today's high rents. Certainly



—*Pinney from Monkmeyer*

Do you budget? Do you keep careful track of expenses? Or do you ask a million times, "Where does all the money go?"

very few families should spend more than 25% of their income for housing. The family council might ask: How much is a week's salary, compared with a month's housing expense (either a month's rent or an average month's mortgage, interest, repairs, and taxes)? If the housing expense is higher, it is probably more than the family can afford. If lower, perhaps your housing could be improved a bit, to provide more healthful surroundings. Surely God wants each person to have adequate privacy, fresh air, heat, and sanitation for each member of the family. And God, who created so much beauty himself surely appreciates beauty in a house and its surroundings. But he would not appreciate a wasteful display of living beyond one's means. Let the family council debate the pro and con of your present home.

Fuel is the logical thing to consider next. Figure out how much you have been paying for coal, oil, or other fuel. Does this represent rock-bottom, or could you save by setting the thermostat lower, opening fewer windows, closing doors promptly, or closing off unneeded rooms? Consider installing storm windows, weatherstripping, or insulation if you do not have them; in a few years, they will save you more than their cost. Our American fuel resources are dwindling, and surely God wants us to conserve them as long as possible.

Apply the same sort of reasoning to utilities, household supplies, food, and clothing. Are you buying as economically as possible, and preventing waste? Many families have improved their buying and food preparation habits by studying bulletins (often free) published by their state university, state department of health, state dairy and food council, and the U. S. Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics (Washington 25, D. C.). Other families find it worth while to subscribe to the consumers' bulletins pub-

(*Continued on page* 45.)

Hearthstones Along the HIGHWAY

IF YOU CAN'T sleep contentedly without ironed sheets; if you need a gas or electric stove for broiling hamburgers; if brushing shoulders with bad-mannered persons upsets your equilibrium; if you can't bear being out of touch with modern plumbing or movie houses, then this article is not for you.

If, on the other hand, you dream of escaping to a spot where you can't hear a telephone; if you like hot dogs and potato chips and sliced tomatoes heaped on a paper plate; if you have an "unusually bright" (quotes yours) child in your home who is beginning to ask, "Is a mountain taller than a canyon is deep?" then the paragraphs that follow may offer you a few ideas to re-enforce your dreams.

Why, where and how—a vacation tour in your own car? Ever since our family spent a never-to-be-forgotten four weeks seeing the sights between Chicago and Salt Lake City and back through the Missouri Ozarks, we have wished to urge other families to make at least one vacation an automobile adventure. Visits with relatives are pleasant, a couple of weeks at a lake resort are highly refreshing, even staying at home reading and playing tennis can provide happy summer fare. But just once you need to travel to the places you've read about in your geography, filling your back seat shelf with souvenirs and your minds and hearts with memories.

You can't afford it? That's what we thought too, but by saving money over a whole year—doing without new clothes, foregoing Scout camps, and cashing an insurance policy that matured—we got by. If you wait for that vacation trip until you can really afford it, you won't be able to make it till the children are through college and then you'll miss the all-family companionship.

Conversely, it's a good idea not to undertake a long-distance tour when your children are still in the milk formula and chopped food stages. Upset schedules produce irritable infants and no pleasure for anyone. In fact, long trips are tiring on most children up through seven or eight years old. Until they are able to appreciate something of the significance of what they are seeing, they are better off in their own sand pile. Our four were nine, fourteen, fifteen and seventeen when we launched forth.

Where you will go is a matter that your own family must decide. We chose the West because the children thought they preferred scenery to Revolutionary landmarks. Choose a destination that will give your family a new view of American life.

When you have decided on the general direction of your proposed trip, you are then ready to seek advice on routes. Friends will vie with one another in telling you what to do and what to avoid. Smile gratefully, and then consult official sources. Motor clubs and gasoline companies will give you detailed directions on routes, what to see and where to stay along the way. State highway departments provide road maps. You will receive resort literature so alluring that you'll have trouble keeping your mind on humdrum daily duties.

Study carefully the number of miles between you and where you would like to go. Then do a little calculating. Don't plan to drive four hundred miles every day for two weeks! It's much better to cover less territory and to understand and appreciate what you're seeing than it is to break records with numbers of miles and states added to your credit. What is the use in rushing so that you come home more tired than when you left? Furthermore, tourists who follow only the beaten paths fail to uncover the beauty that lies off the main road.

We found it extremely convenient to obtain through our regular service station proprietor a credit card enabling us to buy gasoline from that company wherever we went. It cut down the amount of cash we had to carry with us.

If you hope to make annual tours for several years, you may feel like investing in a trailer or in camping equipment. Even without these, you can do some outdoor cooking if you stick into your trunk a skillet, saucepan, some kitchen silverware and a grill. We found that a couple of big tin potato chip cans were excellent for packing a few staples like sugar, salt and tea. Empty, the cans served as washtubs in Yellowstone Park.

TAKE OUTDOOR CLOTHES—the fewest possible. Make room for some books. (This is the one time in the year when I feel justified in reading just for fun—mystery stories. The public library lets us take a load on vacation loan plan.)

Since tourists' cabins provide bedclothes, you need not take any unless you plan to use your car for sleeping. We saved considerable money by bedding down two of the children on the seats of the car, parked just outside our cabin door. We did our packing so that the things we needed most were easily accessible. Less frequently used materials went into the luggage carrier on top of the car.

By FRANCES DUNLAP HERON



—Don Knight

In Borego Springs—Anza Desert State Park, spring carpets the California dunes with a blanket of white and purple and gold blossoms. In every section of our land our State Parks offer you beauty.

It goes without saying that in your baggage there will be at least one camera and that you will join the other millions of tourists in shooting everything from a distant eagle nest to Calamity Jane's grave.

One thing you must leave at home—your worries. A cheerful, questing spirit will help you find the deepest enjoyment. Throw off reserve, make up your mind to be friendly.

Each day start early, stop early. That motto did more than anything else to give us pleasant driving and accommodations. At six a.m. the roads are uncrowded and you make good time.

It was on evenings such as these that we visited a local grocery and then sought out the city park, where we could cook steak over our grill and enjoy a picnic supper. We found food prices quite in line with those back home. And eating out like this certainly was much cheaper than a restaurant meal for six! In fact, our food bill for the entire month was about what we would have spent at home. During the days that we were on the move we found a mid-morning brunch and an evening meal quite sufficient.

By avoiding commercialized spots we kept our entertainment bill at a relatively low figure. When you learn to pass by the highly advertised reptile gardens, circuses and caves, you save both time and money. Our highest recommendation goes to our national parks. Courteous, genial rangers helped us make the most of the natural grandeur, the museums, the wild plant and animal life, and the geological wonders. In such a natural setting, undisturbed in so far as possible by human meddling, we came close to the Creator and his awe-inspiring power. Thereafter we resented the hawkers who tried to charge us sixty cents a piece to see a fake cliff dwelling preserve.

You can avoid being taken in if you do a little study beforehand and become familiar with what can and should be seen in a particular locality. You will also get more out of it when you do see it. It is well if either mother or father has condensed information on the tip of the tongue to share with the children when sight-seeing.

In our case Pop was much more interested than the rest of us in the different layers of rock in the parks. While he studied rocks, therefore, Al tried to break records of getting a close-up movie of a moose, Eleanor and Marion Sue went horseback riding and Donald and I fished. Everyone should have an opportunity to do the things he prefers in addition to all-family ventures. Pop and I spent a less than enthusiastic evening at a home-talent baseball game in Kadoka, South Dakota, in order that Donald might gratify his favorite interest.

But the memories we shall treasure longest are of the things we did together: our afternoon horseback procession in the Black Hills; the floating on Great Salt Lake; the ride up Pike's Peak; the August snowball throwing at Iceberg Lake. It's the feeling of togetherness—your family in the midst of thousands of strangers—that makes the financial outlay immensely worth while. It's your time to get acquainted with one another. It's time to remember lovingly when separations come later.

You'll return home broke. The grass in the yard will be knee high. There will be a huge washing to do. The car brakes will need overhauling. But, oh, how glad you'll be that you went visiting your America!

We Resettle Our First Family

An Estonian family finds refuge in a New England community

RECEIVING a letter from a total stranger is a novel experience. In this instance it was like opening one's door to a person from abroad who hesitatingly endeavors to relate some of the tragic experiences which he would like to forget. Most of the refugee resettlement cases begin with such a letter.

The case of Albert Oamer was, however, slightly different, because two churches co-operated without one knowing too much about the action of the other. One church was in New York and belonged to the Lutheran denomination; the other was on Cape Ann and was a Baptist church. The Lutheran church had guaranteed a sponsorship to Mr. Oamer through its minister, the Rev. Juljus Tusti. However the housing and working facilities were not obtainable there. Moreover, Mr. Oamer wanted to live in New England and to bring up his children in a rural community. He knew about us, although we had never met. But as his first letter arrived we not only became aware of his existence but from then on his problems became ours also.

He was an architect, about forty years of age and had, in addition to his wife, two teen-age daughters, whose blond likeness the enclosed picture disclosed. In his native Estonia he had owned his private construction firm. After the arrival of the Russians, his firm, automobile, house, and all other property were nationalized, whereas he himself became a jobseeker and a wage earner. As the war broke out between the Russians and the Germans the former commenced a ruthless deportation of the local population. Many were rounded up by the NKVD (now renamed MVD) teams and sent to the white wastes of Siberia, but others decided to flee and became fugitives who, living in the woods and swamps, tried to keep themselves alive.

Mr. Oamer's parents and younger brothers followed the example of many of their compatriots and fled. He tried to avoid arrests by evading the police and frequently changing his hideouts. While in hiding his mother could not stand the cruel conditions, and died. His father and a younger brother dug a grave for her in a country cemetery where she was buried. There was no minister and the graveyard attendant read a short prayer on the new tomb. Thus the Oamers lost their mother.

Soon the Germans drove out the Russians and became masters of the land. The people came out of their hiding places and resumed their former lives. But quickly the true nature of the new power was revealed by new waves of arrests and "mobilizations." There was general disillusionment among the people when they began to realize that the victors, who had been welcomed as the liberators, were in no way better than the Russians.

One night the Oamer home was visited by a Gestapo agent who arrested both parents for listening to the forbidden B.B.C. broadcasts. The frightened girls were left alone and without care. Fortunately their parents were not detained long. This tragic chapter of their life ended with a sudden flight in a small boat across the stormy Baltic to Sweden. Together with more than twenty thousand of their compatriots they tried to start their life all over again, but even here the Russian agents harassed them with intermittent "invitations" to return to now-again Russian-occupied Estonia, where new arrests and deportations were proceeding. A new change of the adoptive home country became again imminent if they wanted to have peace of mind. America had become the goal of their pilgrimage and the object of their dreams. So a letter was sent to Rockport, Massachusetts.

Rockport is a summer resort with a population which swells during the warm months to unpredictable proportions. However during the winter months there are houses and apartments to be had. We learned that the Oamers were not able to come before the end of the summer season and were therefore encouraged to go ahead with their plans. It was comparatively easy to secure a winterized summer house for the cold months; for the summer we hoped to find some other way. The available house was well furnished and not too expensive. Meanwhile we approached a builder of small houses and he readily promised to finish a one-family house for them by summer.

But what about a job?

We were told that nobody would hire a man he had not yet seen, but sometime miracles happen. We knew of a man who was heading a big construction firm in Boston, but who spent his summers in Rockport. As we called on him and explained the case he became interested immediately. He could not promise a steady job but he was ready to give Mr. Oamer enough work to get him started.

THUS ALL necessary preparations were made and we began to wait for the delayed pilgrims. They arrived later than we had expected on a cold night in February. We met them in the station and took them over to the parsonage for supper. Although we had never met before, the con-

Maris Oamer soon after her arrival and wearing her girl guide uniform as flag bearer in the Memorial Day parade.



By
EWALD
MAND



Mrs. Oamer, Inna, Maris and Mr. Oam
in their Rockport home.

versation was easy and friendly, since we could speak their native tongue. But it was a bit more difficult with English. He was obviously worried for everything was new to him. His English was hesitating and not too smooth. His wife spoke even less English and the two girls none at all. But they were fine, clean-cut and cultured people, tall blue-eyed and blond like the average Estonian.

As we were talking around the supper table we began to like them for their sincerity and frankness. It was suggested to Mr. Oamer that he should take things easy and look around a bit before going to Boston to look for a job. But next morning when we called on them he was already gone. Having taken an early train he was visiting employment agencies and construction firms. As he came home that night he was more optimistic and eager to tell us about his experiences. He wanted to get a realistic picture of the employment situation, he told us, and it was therefore only on the third day when he visited the firm which we had suggested before. He was employed at once, of course. After a few weeks, as the temporary job terminated, he was hired by the biggest construction firm in Boston, if not in the entire country, losing only one working day for job-seeking.

Meanwhile the two girls were admitted to the local school and placed in their classes. They simply "sat in" without understanding anything in the beginning. Mrs. Oamer organized her own private housekeeping. Life had begun anew for the Oamers.

The real test of resettlement, however, is faced in the community where the newcomers have to live. Rockport is a typical Yankee town, proud of its long history and individualistic heritage. The people here do not give their friendship too easily and indiscriminatingly. Yet the Oamers were accepted immediately. The two girls began to come to our Baptist Sunday school and were soon singing in the junior choir. By and by as they spoke English better they became active also in school affairs. Maris, the older one, had been admitted as a member of the high school band and was also elected the secretary of the Baptist Youth Circle. In the school she got straight A's for her work. The younger girl, Inna, was likewise very popular among her friends and a good student.

The same is true of the parents. Mrs. Oamer is a regular member of the Baptist women's organizations, the Friendship League, and Mr. Oamer is active in the local Y. M. C. A. Recently he was invited to join the Legion Band and this is a sign that he is one of the local gang. The associations with local people have improved their English greatly.

This makes up quite a list of changes for a person's life. Especially when they all took place in the limits of one year. And that is what happened to the Oamers in the last year.

But the town seems to have changed, too. For one thing people seem to have become more world-minded. International problems are no longer remote and foreign since they have deeply affected so many people one knows so well. Foreign missions, overseas relief, and other similar issues have become vital to the local church.

Since the arrival of the Oamers several other new families have been resettled in Rockport. There are more than twenty D.P.'s, children included, living now in this community and some other families near by. All of them have been received with equal warmth and friendliness. Two of the local churches have foreign-born ministers and boast of good attendance and increased church activity. The Estonian women have knitted pretty horse-shoe caps, colorful scarves and intricate patterned gloves which have become a new vogue in the town.

RECENTLY the Men's Brotherhood of the First Congregational Church invited all the newcomers to their regular meeting. As the lobster stew was served several speeches were made to welcome the new Americans. One of the speakers said that the "one thing which is missing in this meeting is a real American, for all those participating in the meeting are of foreign extraction, even if they had lived on these shores for centuries." There was no more beautiful way to make the newcomers feel at home. A genuine spirit of Christian friendliness prevailed all the evening.

The newcomers have taken out their first papers and hope to be worthy of the friendliness of the local people. They still remember their faraway and devastated home country, but they are fast becoming free Americans.



—*Harry Dean.*

BIRTHDAYS

Are Important!

Hints for making that Big Day even more wonderful.



birthday cake and wishing on the candles are the highlight of any birthday party.

By LOUISE PRICE BELL

HOW ABOUT the birthdays in your home? Are they given special consideration? Are the foods that the honored person likes best served at every meal during the day? With a birthday cake thrown in for good measure?

There is something about a birthday that is special. It is actually the one day in the year that belongs to you. It is *your* day and as such should be recognized. Far too manys days are run-of-the-mill affairs, so why not snatch every opportunity to make a day jolly? It adds zest to life and brings joy to the person who is honored.

Children adore birthdays, and everything about them. They look forward to the Big Day, enjoy being surprised, or helping prepare for it . . . either way. And, of course, a birthday party with invitations sent to small friends, a "yummy" supper with a birthday cake and all the fixings, fancy paper caps, horns or other popular gadgets, spell perfection to smallsters. It doesn't matter to them whether a party is staged indoors or out . . . whether it is large or small. Just so long as it is a party, they are delighted.

Because parties are so important to youngsters, they belong in their lives. In homes where Mother is very busy, the simplest kind of affair can have a partified air that will spell *fiesta* to the birthday child. Just having two or three of his friends in for the evening meal, using the best silver, china and napery, will lift the meal out of its everyday category, and be little extra work. Even that should have a birthday cake with candles for the final course so that the birthday child may not only enjoy serving it to his friends himself, but wish on the candles . . . a very important thing to the juvenile mind!

But since a birthday comes but once during the year, it is usually possible to go a bit farther and have a bona fide party, with the guests, the children the birthday-child wants, regardless of your feeling in the matter of the guest-list. Remember, a birthday belongs to him, not you. So far as possible (unless the party is a surprise) let the children help with the party preparation. It gives them a feeling of usefulness and importance and helps them to realize that entertaining involves planning and work and time. Thus they learn to appreciate Mother's efforts more than if they had no part in the plans.

Often the older sister in the family gets a terrific thrill when asked by Mother to "help with little sister's party." Actually, she can help in may ways . . . make sandwiches, freeze suckers to be served during the afternoon, put candles on the cake and cut sprays to arrange around its base or arrange stick-candy around it, if that is the decoration decided upon.

Parties are an integral part of our social lives and through this pleasant medium, youngsters learn naturally the necessary "social graces." They learn how to act as charming and considerate hosts and hostesses, to make sure everyone at their parties is enjoying

(*Continued on page* 39.)

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, be Thou my Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this soul of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Pow'r divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

—Samuel Longfellow

O Jesus, Youth of Nazareth!

O Jesus, youth of Nazareth,
Preparing for the bitter strife,
Wilt thou impart to every heart
Thy perfect purity of life?

O Christ whose words make dear the fields
And hillsides green of Galilee,
Grant us to find, with reverent mind,
The truth thou saidst should make us free.

O suffering Lord on Calvary,
Whom love led on to mortal pain,
We know thy cross is not a loss
If we thy love shall truly gain.

O Master of abundant life
From natal morn to victory's hour,
We look to thee, heed thou our plea,
Teach us to share thy ageless power.

—Ferdinand Q. Blanchard

A Child's Prayer

Dear Father, God, I cannot know
The folks who day by day
Help me to live, so as to grow
The best in every way.

I think of those who work that I
May have my home and food,
My city fair, my school, my church,
And all things for my good.

And since all these I cannot know
Who make my life complete,
May I be helpful as I grow,
To everyone I meet.

—Jessie B. Carlson

WORSHIP IN THE

with You



Worshiping God thro

Many times people worship God with thei
when their attitudes are sinful, their mind
bellious, and their hearts bitter with hatred.
recognized this fact and warned his hearers a
it. (Read Mark 7:6.)

Right attitudes are necessary to sincere wo
When one's relationships with others are ch
terized by helpfulness, kindness, respect fo
personality and the feelings of another, and
his worship will be sincere and meaningful
own life, and will have significance for other

A child's only frame of reference lies w
himself. When he is treated in kindly way
tends to be kind to others. When he is
enough help to successfully and satisfactorily
out his ideas, he begins to learn helpful ways
others. When he is respected, he respects o
When he is loved, he in turn is loving.

Thus children learn to be helpful, kind an
ing at each stage of their development. As
observe the actions of others who have Chr
attitudes and as they are the recipients of
actions, they learn the importance of right
tudes.

A child's everyday experiences in his home
his family offer many opportunities for wo
When your child benefits from a kindly, he
loving act, expressing thanks to God throu
brief word or song of prayer, a verse of Scrip
or a poem may point up the moment for hin

Recognizing your child's action when he d
kindly, helpful deed, encourages him and ma
easier and more worth while to repeat such a
These times, too, may be occasions for worshi

As children grow older and their contacts
others increase, opportunities to be kind and
ful are multiplied. If they are discussed with
child during a quiet time at bedtime, they wil
vide other opportunities for worship.

You might tell your child the story of the fr
ship of David and Jonathan, and of David's k
treatment of Jonathan's son. (1 Sam. 18:1
Sam. chapter 9.)

Children



and Helpful Deeds

Scriptures, poems and prayers on these may be helpful to you as you talk with your while you work and play together, at quiet before bedtime, or at times of family worship.

y help every one his neighbor; and every ith to his brother, Be of good courage.

—Isaiah 41:6.

it which maketh a man to be desired is his ess.

—Proverbs 19:22.

t on then, as God's chosen ones, holy and be- compassion, kindness, lowliness, meekness, patience, forbearing one another and, if one complaint against another, forgiving each ; as the Lord has forgiven you, so you must forgive.

—Colossians 3:12-13.

d be kind to one another, tenderhearted, for- g one another.

—Ephesians 4:32.

t love be genuine; hate what is evil, hold fast hat is good; love one another with brotherly ion; outdo one another in showing honor.

—Romans 12:9-10.

ve is patient and kind; love is not jealous or ful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not on its own way; it is not irritable or resent- t does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the . Love bears all things, believes all things, all things, endures all things.

—1 Corinthians 13:4-7.

r this very reason make every effort to supple- your faith with virtue, and virtue with knowl- and knowledge with self-control, and self- ol with steadfastness, and steadfastness with ness, and godliness with brotherly affection, rotherly affection with love.

—2 Peter 1:5-7.

Prayer

God our Father, as we speak our thanks for this good food, we would not forget to be thankful for the hands that prepared it and placed it before us, human hands doing the bidding of hearts that love us. We thank thee for the love of mother and father, or brother and sister, and of all relatives and friends. Help us to show our gratitude to each one. Amen.[1]

—William Clough

Love Thyself Last

Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit
To see, to hear, to know and understand.
The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

—Anonymous

Prayer

O God, let this be the prayer of each one today: Keep me from thinking any critical thought. Keep me from blaming others for anything. Keep me from being resentful. Keep me from saying or thinking any hurtful thing about anyone or anything. Help me today to think good and do good regardless of what anyone else may say or do. Help me to be like Jesus. Amen.[1]

—William Clough

O Brother Man, Fold to Thy Heart Thy Brother

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

For one whom Jesus loved has truly spoken,
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Follow with rev'rent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

—John G. Whittier

[1]From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William Clough. Copyright 1949 by Pierce and Smith. By permission of Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

The Lord of Joy



A Story by

MAZELLE WILDES THOMAS

IT WAS THE month of April, the fragrant flower-filled month of April. The hills and valleys around the village of Nazareth were yellow and pink and purple and white with the beautiful flowers of spring.

The gentle cooing of the turtle doves had wakened Peter early. He lay wide awake and bright eyed on his mat thinking of the happiness that would be his this day. He wanted to get up and be off—to call Reuben and John, and Judith and Martha and Rachel—but if he so much as stirred, baby Lois would waken—so he lay very still.

How long Peter and the other children had waited for this day—the day when Jesus, their kind friend would return to Nazareth! And now he was here. He had come last sundown and one of the very first things he had done was to send his brother Simon to Peter's house with a message. The message was, "Tell Peter to bring the village children and meet me at the old willow grove tomorrow morning."

What glorious news that had been! It would be like old times to have Jesus back. He would tell them new stories, teach them new games, and even play those lovely tunes on his shepherd's pipe.

Just then Peter heard baby Lois chuckle. She was awake. Now he could get up. In the flick of an eyelash he was up, rolling and putting away his mat and running to call to his mother.

"It's here, mother, it's here, the morning to go with Jesus is here! May I wear my new robe and tunic?"

"Yes, Peter, you may. I want you to have a wonderful day with your good friend, Jesus. They say he won't be in Nazareth for long and it may be many months before he returns. There are lots of stories going about the village about our friend. Folks say that he has become a great teacher and is capable of doing wonderful things."

"But he's always been a great teacher, mother, and I know lots of wonderful, wonderful things that he has done—"

"I know, son, you and the village children learned much from Jesus. But you must hasten now. Eat your bread and be off to call your little friends. You will find a basket of surprises in the courtyard. Take it when you go and share it with all the children."

"Thank you, mother, thank you; you are the very nicest mother in Nazareth!"

The breakfast bread eaten, and with the new robe and tunic on, Peter bounded down the narrow village streets to call his friends. Before an hour had come and gone, twelve laughing, joyous boys and girls were making their way to the old willow grove.

The day was warm, almost hot, as they skipped along but they minded not. They were going to see their dear friend, Jesus.

The boys stopped now and then to pick up the smooth, flat pebbles they saw along the path. They hoped Jesus would show them again how to "skip" them through the air. The girls stopped too—not for stones but for great golden buttercups and ruby red anemone lilies. They were among Jesus' favorite flowers. They wanted to watch him bury his face into their loveliness and then tell them again of their beauty.

And then they were there. As they rounded the curve at the end of Blue Cypress Road, they saw him. He was sitting on the great rock watching for them. When they came into sight, he rose quickly and with his long brown arms outstretched, came hurrying toward them.

And then everyone was shouting and talking at once. Long though his great arms were, Jesus had difficulty in getting all the children within them at once, but like a good mother bird hastening to draw all her little birds beneath her wings—Jesus drew the happy little throng within the outreach of his loving arms. Then tossing young Timmy and little Sarah to his broad shoulders, and with his shepherd's pipe to his lips the tall white-robed figure led the way back to the trees and the rocks.

What fun they had then! They

The above picture appears in full color in the first year, fall quarter, pupils book in the Primary Graded Lessons.

played at hide and seek around the rocks and behind the trees; they skipped stones, told stories, asked riddles and played at tag.

As the sun rose higher and the cheeks of the little ones grew rosier, Jesus had the children sit down in the shadow of the rocks and beneath the leafy branches of the trees. Borrowing a jar from a woman at the near-by well, he drew it full of clear, cool water, from which each child drank thirstily and then washed his hands and face. Gathering them about him and the basket of surprises that Peter's mother had sent, Jesus opened the cover. There beneath a snowy white cloth they found a crusty brown loaf and a pickled fish for everyone! Before the delighted children put the good food to their lips they bowed their heads while the kind friend said, "Blessed be thou, O Lord God of the Universe, who bringest bread out of the earth."

When the last bread crumb and morsel of fish had been eaten, Jesus reached deep into the big sleeves of his robe. And then, wonder of wonders—with twelve pairs of shining dark eyes upon him, he drew out thirteen tiny fig cakes—one for every hand held eagerly toward him and one for his own—saying the while, "It was my mother who made them for us—early this morning before the dew had yet left the grasses she baked them."

They talked quietly then, as they munched the luscious fig cakes.

Jesus told them of his journeys, of the people he had met, of the good men who had become his helpers and of the great need for more workers.

When Jesus had finished speaking, Peter said, "Is it true, Jesus, what they say about you?"

"And what do they say, Peter?"

"That you have become a great teacher and leader—and that you have done many wonderful things since you have been away."

"What I do, Peter, that seems great in the eyes of others is but the work of our heavenly Father, who works through me. He has much work for you and me to do and only as we do his work can we become worthy of calling him our heavenly Father.

Little words of kindness—
How they cheer the heart!
What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart!
Little acts of kindness—
Small may be their cost,
Yet when they are wanting,
Life's best charm is lost.

—ANONYMOUS

"But, come now, my little chicks, your mothers will be listening for your footsteps. There is but one more thing we must do and then we must go." Then looking to Peter, Jesus went on to say, "Come, Peter, let us see how much practicing on the pipes you have done."

Peter's heart began to pound. How did Jesus know that he, Peter, had been fairly bursting all day to play on the pipe—to show how hard he had worked to learn to pipe the tunes that Jesus had taught him?

Putting the pipe to his lips and standing within the curve of the strong arm, Peter began to play. He played tune after tune to the delight of the children and the surprise of his teacher. Then stopping just long enough to say, "The next tune is for you, Jesus. I call it 'The Lord of Joy.' It tells the story of our happy times with you here in Old Willow Grove," Peter continued playing. It was the loveliest of the tunes, being b r i g h t, sprightly, joyful music.

As the small boy piped, the children began to dance. Suddenly one of the older girls began to chant as they danced in a ring about Jesus and Peter. The other children quickly joined in the chant—and as they danced 'round and 'round, they sang, "Jesus is the Lord of Joy, Jesus is the Lord of Joy."

For some several minutes they danced and sang and then at a word from their tall friend they stopped and with smiling faces lifted to his, listened while he spoke quietly. "My dear little friends, you have sung a message into my heart that shall live there always. You have called me the Lord of Joy. I want you to know that from this day forward I shall ask our heavenly Father to help me bear and keep that name always."

Rising from his place on the rock, Jesus spoke again. "The lengthening shadows point our way homeward— let us be on our way, and even though the song is stilled upon our lips, let it sing on within our hearts."

And the happy band of boys and girls trudged slowly back 'round the curve to Blue Cypress Road with their tall white-robed friend in their midst. The rosy glow that rested upon each face was not altogether the reflection of the setting sun which was sinking behind the hills to the west of the village of Nazareth.

A PAN PUZZLE

By Eleanor Hammond

Fill the blank spaces with the right letters to make the words.

A pan - - - - you fry on a griddle,
But a pan - - you find in the zoo.
You may meet a pan - - - - there,
too.

A pan - - - is near to a kitchen.
Trousers often are called pan - -
instead.
A pan - - you'll find in its bed.

ANSWERS

pancake panda panther
pantry pants pansy

CUDDLE BEAR

Makes a New Friend



A Story by

ANNE M. HALLADAY

CUDDLE BEAR was excited.

He ran up the path toward the old mine to tell Big Brown Bear Mama the news.

"We have a new neighbor! I will have a new playmate!" Cuddle Bear cried it all out in one big breath as he pushed in at the mine door.

Big Brown Bear Mama's eyes grew round as she stood still to listen. There was a question in them but Cuddle Bear did not give her any time to ask it.

"His name is Tiny Turtle and he lives in a hole down by the river near Brownie Beaver's house. But Brownie Beaver says that Tiny Turtle can live anywhere because he carries his real house on his back."

Cuddle Bear took a deep breath to catch up.

Big Brown Bear Mama tied on her spic-span apron while she waited.

"I am going down to see Tiny Turtle right away," Cuddle Bear went on, "I want to make friends with him."

"That will be fine, Cuddle Bear," Big Brown Bear Mama managed to speak at last. "Tell Tiny Turtle that he is welcome to Piney Forest."

"All right."

Slam! The door of the old mine banged shut as Cuddle Bear dashed off down the path. The sun had not risen very high and the crisp air tingled his nose as he ran.

Cuddle Bear had to look for some time along the river bank before he found Tiny Turtle's hole. It was well hidden beneath a rock. At first Cuddle Bear thought that he saw another stone beside the hole. Then he grinned.

Why, that was Tiny Turtle himself! Cuddle Bear could tell by the pretty pattern on Tiny Turtle's shell roof. Cuddle Bear laughed aloud.

Whack! went his paw on the top of Tiny Turtle's shell.

"Hello! Tiny Turtle," Cuddle Bear shouted, "I am Cuddle Bear."

But there came no sound or movement from the shell. Instead Tiny Turtle pulled in under his roof as far as he could go.

Cuddle Bear waited then whacked again.

Nothing happened. All was still.

Then Cuddle Bear thought of something else. He turned Tiny Turtle over on his back.

But Tiny Turtle had a solid floor as well as a staunch roof to his house. It was smooth and yellow and marked with a pretty pattern all its own. But Tiny Turtle did not make any friendly move.

Cuddle Bear stood still again and waited. Then he growled.

"All right, if you don't want to make friends with me."

Cuddle Bear gave Tiny Turtle a shove and stomped off toward the river so cross that he scarcely heard a voice calling from the river bank.

"Hello, Cuddle Bear!" It was Brownie Beaver.

"Hello," Cuddle Bear's answer was little more than a grunt.

"We-ell!" Brownie Beaver's voice went up in surprise, "What is the matter with you this fine morning?"

"Nothing," Cuddle Bear grumbled, "But I can tell you one thing. I don't think much of that Tiny Turtle who has come to Piney Forest."

"So?" Brownie Beaver's voice went up this time to make a question.

"No I don't. I went to make friends with him and he wouldn't even speak or come out of his shell."

"What did you say to him?"

"I said, 'Hello!' "

"What did you do?"

"I rapped on his shell."

"That all?"

Cuddle Bear stood looking at Brownie Beaver. It seemed as though Brownie Beaver was asking a good many questions.

"Well, I only turned him over on his back to make him come out. But he would not."

Brownie Beaver snapped a twig off the branch he was nibbling.

"Well, no wonder Tiny Turtle could not feel very friendly. How would you like it if someone ten times as big as you are came along and pounded on the roof of your house and then turned it over? Would you like that?"

Cuddle Bear stood trying to picture something ten times as big as he was. Then he saw the old mine kitchen turned topsy-turvy with Big Brown Bear Mama's honey pots tumbling off the shelf and the table turned over.

"Oh, no, I would not like that at all!"

"Well, probably Tiny Turtle didn't like it either."

Cuddle Bear stood still again. He was thinking.

"What do you think Tiny Turtle would like?"

"Well I see him sitting on that log across the river in the sunshine. He likes to be warm. He was probably cold, too, this morning."

"E-ee-ee!" Cuddle Bear squealed, "I know what I can do."

AND BEFORE Brownie Beaver could snap another twig, Cuddle Bear had turned and was off up the path to Tiny Turtle's hole. And when he reached the big rock Tiny Turtle still lay on his back kicking.

Cuddle Bear hurried to help. He turned Tiny Turtle right-side-up, then looked about. He felt the top of the big rock. Sure enough it was warm where the sun hit it.

Gently now Cuddle Bear lifted Tiny Turtle and put him in the warm sunlight. Then Cuddle Bear sat down on a log close by and waited.

Of course it seemed a long time to Cuddle Bear but it really was not more than a minute before the little shell house moved and Tiny Turtle's head peeked out for the first time.

"Hello, Tiny Turtle," Cuddle Bear made his voice as soft as he could. "I am Cuddle Bear."

Tiny Turtle lifted his head.

"Not that Cuddle Bear who was around here about first Crow Call!"

"Yes," Cuddle Bear admitted, "but I guess I was a little rough. I guess I was trying to *make* you be friends instead of trying to do something that would make you *want* to be friends."

Tiny Turtle's feet and tail came out from under the shell now.

"I do want to be friends now that I know about you. And say, this rock is as warm as the logs down by the river. Thank you for helping me find it."

It was a happy little Cuddle Bear who ran up the path at noon porridge time. After Cuddle Bear told Big Brown Bear Mama all about it she dished up an extra spoonful of acorn porridge and set it before Cuddle Bear.

Mmm! It was good and warm. As warm as the friendship that Cuddle Bear was sure would grow out of all that he had learned about making friends that morning.

ROUND ROBIN

By Mary Kyle Tucker

Have you ever been a member of a Round Robin? It can be fun. Here are six girls who formed one, but they are trying to keep their names a secret. Can you find them?

It is easy if you get the correct letter to start with. Then you skip the next letter each time until you spell a girl's name. When you get to the end of the line go back to the first. Keep going around until you find all six.

TRTAYMRAURTYHJCALNAERTABDEO

ANSWER

Begin with the letter *M*, follow the directions and you will spell the following names: Mary Janet, Betty, Ruth, Clara, Dora

ODD OR EVEN

By Jessie R. Kenyon

This is a counting game and two or more children can play it. Use colored wooden beads, or buttons, or disks cut from colored cardboard for counters. Each player is given ten counters. The first player covers some of his counters with one hand and asks: "Odd or even?" If the second guesses right, he adds the counters to his own collection. The game continues until one player has all the counters.

One, three, five, seven and nine are the odd numbers.

Two, four, six, eight and ten are the even numbers.

It's lots of fun for idle hours.

Need more playgrounds in your town? Here's how to get them!

You, Too, Can Do It!



[illegible] the young [illegible] the campai[illegible] Hammond, Indiana.



Mayor Vernon An[illegible] city clerk Ed Bellamy work[illegible] playground ready.



Children watch boys from the Hi-Hi club work on equipment for a play ground in the Hammond, Indiana, "Lots of Fun" campaign.



Enjoying two of the playgrounds completed in the "Lots of Fun" campaign.



PLAY IS SERIOUS business to a child. He works at it as earnestly as does the father who provides for the needs of his family. Children must play if they are to grow and develop properly and learn about the world in which they live.

There are two requisites for play—space and equipment. Many homes are able to provide both, so that the child may have an adequate play life. Recognizing that some homes cannot, many cities have provided well-planned and strategically located parks and playgrounds for the use of their children. In spite of this there are thousands of children who are without play facilities. These children play on the streets where they are in constant danger from heavy traffic or they drift into delinquency because they are not employed in constructive effort.

Young businessmen in one southern city were alarmed because children swarmed the streets during school vacation periods. They decided to try to do something about it. They looked about their city and suddenly became conscious of littered vacant lots and areas which had become public trash dumps. The project was decided upon. They would launch a contest to clean up and beautify the unsightly spots that existed all over the city. The chamber of commerce backed the project and offered a cash prize to the group which wrought the biggest improvement—with the stipulation that the money be used to purchase equipment to be added to the project.

Children set to work with a will. Soon they had enlisted parents, neighbors, and friends. The streets were miraculously emptied of children. Trash and litter began to disappear as if by magic. Beauty bloomed where stark ugliness had been.

The prize went not to a section in an underprivileged area, but to a neighborhood group in a fine residential area. Because of the mountainous terrain of the city, a deep gully formed a natural barrier between two residential areas. Each area had to be approached

from a different direction, on different streets. Though those living on the crests of the two hills were not actually far from one another, there was no natural point of contact and they might have been living in two different worlds.

When the contest was announced in the local papers, the children living on one side of the gully wanted to terrace their side of the hill, clear the floor of the gully and make a picnic area there. Simultaneously the children living on the crest of the opposite hill began work on their side of the gully. Then the two groups got together, planned and worked together, and eventually won the prize. The money was invested in a sturdy picnic table and benches which both families used and enjoyed.

The results of this city-wide effort were much broader than keeping children off the streets. The children learned to participate in group planning and action. They came to know the pleasure that work can give. Those who had lived in the same neighborhood for years without knowing their neighbors, got well acquainted in a short time. New friendships were formed and a community spirit built where none had existed before.

In many cities industrial sections have grown up and spread over yards and play areas, shutting out light and sunshine and filling the air with ashes, soot and dirt. The houses around such areas soon degenerate into tenements, which are the breeding places of delinquency.

Because some parents in an industrial area in one large city recognized the direction in which their neighborhood was drifting, there grew up a project to beautify what was rapidly becoming drab and dreary. Neighbors banded together to clean up, plan, to plant, to care for flowers and yards, thus providing their children with a safe and attractive place to play.

Businessmen in Hammond, Indiana, read about some of these projects. They had no tenement areas, but never-the-less they looked about their city. They found that their children needed close-to-home play areas. They also found that there were many vacant lots which grew up in weeds, and which were, at the end of the summer, potential fire hazards. So they set to work. The city administration, the chamber of commerce, the service clubs, and the only daily newspaper sponsored the idea which came to be called, "Lots of Fun, Inc."

While money was needed to purchase some equipment, the sponsors knew that it would mean more to the community if people gave part of themselves. So work was solicited. The response was overwhelming. Policemen, firemen, city workers, neighborhood fathers, members of service clubs, lodge, and churches responded, as well as children of all ages.

Success of the project was assured by the people themselves who gave generously of their time, thought and their labor. Many have testified that clearing the land, digging the post holes, building and painting equipment, setting it up, and seeing the results was more fun than they had had in a long time.

Special leases were prepared for the use of the vacant lots which specified that property would return to the owners on a sixty-day notice. A city-wide tag day brought in funds for the purchase of equipment that could not be made, and to make possible insurance protection for the public and for property owners, as well as to establish centralized supervision of all the play areas. All the equipment was removable so that the property might quickly be usable for other purposes if the owners desired.

The cleaning up, necessary to prepare almost every lot used in the project, was combined with the city's annual clean-up week, in which there was wide-spread cooperation.

The project netted the city many advantages. It was cleaner and more attractive; the children had the space and equipment and the supervision to make possible better growth and development; sectionalism and prejudice were broken down when neighbors worked together and learned to know and appreciate each other; community spirit, long lacking, was built up in all the participants; the good will and friendliness created will make possible the launching and carrying out in the future of other projects for the benefit of the city.

A group of young parents living in a congested apartment area of a city were brought together by their common need of space and play equipment for their children. About a block away was a vacant lot. They found the owner and received his permission to clear the ground, fence it, and supply equipment. The per capita expense for each family was much less than each would have had to pay for one large piece of equipment. The mothers rotated responsibility for supervising the children through certain hours of the day.

Many benefits came from this cooperative effort. The children had playmates their own age, outdoor play in fresh air, and experiences with adults other than their own parents. The parents found satisfaction in good equipment for their children, more leisure, and formed new and enriching friendships.

You, too, can provide for your child play space, equipment, and companionship. Discover your needs, enlist the cooperation of others, plan your strategy, and get to work! The results will surprise and please you.

Domestic Science

To get their own way

And force husbands' compliance,

Some wives have their technique

Reduced to a sigh-ence!

—Ina S. Stovall

STUDY GUIDE

on "That's the Way the Money Goes"

Prepared by FRANK T. HOADLEY

In Your Hearthstone Fellowship

1. Report on the article.

2. Give others a chance to ask questions about points that are not clear, or to add points that they think are significant.

Some Topics for Discussion

I. Christian Stewardship

A. Could we arrive at a definition of stewardship?

B. Aside from the giving of time, money, and talents to one's church, what are some possible expressions of stewardship in the world at large?

C. To what extent is it possible to lead children of various ages into an understanding of stewardship?

D. Is it practical to base one's whole approach to family finance upon Christian stewardship?

II. Tithing.

A. What does the Bible say about tithing? (1) The Old Testament attitude. (2) The teachings of Jesus.

B. What is a reasonable tithe for a young couple with children to set aside?

III. Budgeting.

A. What are some practical ways to make a budget work? (1) Putting money in marked envelopes? (2) Keeping accurate account of all expenses? (3) Other ways?

B. How can a budget be used in time of emergency?

C. When one's budget is seriously out of balance, which is the better approach: (1) Take a drastic step such as sell one's car or move to a less expensive neighborhood, or (2) try to economize all along the line?

Let's Get Down to Cases!

Case studies often provide the best method of testing the principles which are under discussion. A few imaginary ones will do well, but first let's allow an opportunity for any real life experiences.

I. Experiences of Members of the Group.

A. Has anybody learned any special tricks or unusual ideas about budgeting that would be helpful?

II. Experiences of people cited in the article. Within the limits of the meager information given, could we make any suggestions to—

A. The Larsons, who want to buy a house with a yard?

B. The Bullocks, who have had to borrow to meet medical bills of an unusual number and severity?

C. The Franklins, who never have any money left for the church?

III. Let's draw up budgets for the following families:

A. The Richardsons. Mr. Richardson is a painter, age thirty-three, earning about $80 a week when business is good, but with some slack weeks. He can count on about $3,500 a year altogether, less deduction. He has a son eight years old and a daughter five, as well as his wife thirty-one, to support. Sometimes Mrs. Richardson does a little sewing, which brings in about $200 a year extra. They are about to be evicted from their present quarters, and will try to find a new home that is within their means.

B. The Raymonds. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond are in their middle fifties, and plan to begin buying a home after many years of renting. Mr. Raymond, the manager of an insurance agency, has a fairly steady income (varying only a little as business fluctuates) of about $8,000 per year. Mrs. Raymond is a diabetic, but enjoys reasonably good health most of the time. Their older daughter is now married and living in another city. The younger one is planning to enter college in the fall, but is still undecided as to where she will go. She has about $2,000 available toward her expenses and can earn about $200 a year by typing term papers, but is not sure whether she should undertake the expense of a Wellesley education which she would like, or should attend the State University which happens to be located in her city.

C. The Collins'. Mr. Collins is a grocery store clerk, earning $2,500 per year. Mrs. Collins, a secretary, earns $2,300. They have one child, a boy three years old, who is cared for by Mrs. Collins' mother, occupying the other flat in the two-family house. They have practically no transportation problem, as both of them work within five blocks of their home. They come home to lunch. They give Mrs. Collins' mother $50 a month to help with her expenses, although she has a slight widow's pension also. The mother and the Collins' family maintain completely separate homes under the same roof, both renting from the same landlord (what would be a logical rental figure?)

For Further Study:

1. Get in touch with the Community Council or Family Service agency in your community and ask for sample budgets.

2. Write to the Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics in Washington for a selection of pamphlets such as "National Food Guide," "Money Saving Main Dishes," "Food for the Family with Young Children," "Food for families with School Children," "Foods Your Children Need," "The A.B.C.'s of Mending," "Stain Removal from Fabrics," "Making a Dress at Home," and "Fitting Dresses."

3. Write to your State University, State Department of Health, and Home Demonstration headquarters for pamphlets they may publish.

4. Write to the Department of Stewardship, American Baptist Convention, 152 Madison Avenue, New York City, for pamphlets in the field of Christian Stewardship and tithing.

5. Examine publications of Consumers' Union and Consumers' Research at Your public library.

6. These books are recommended:

JORDAN, DAVID W., *Spend Wisely and Grow Rich*, Prentice-Hall, 1945.

BIGELOW, HOWARD F., *Family Finance*, J. B. Lippincott, 1936.

When Children Come With You

plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour (Stories may may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library).

Guide in Making Articles (Suggestions are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, or in books such as *Fun-time Crafts* by James Schwalbach).

Direct Games (Suggestions are sometimes given in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, and in books such as *Children's Games From Many Lands*, by Millen).

Lead a Missionary Project (For information Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y., and Disciples to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Indiana).



The Grav

MAYBE YOU THINK you know how you would act if tragedy hit you—hit in full view, breaking your heart with the cruelty of its blow as it killed before your very eyes the living creature which had seemed closest to you.

Maybe you think you know. Steve, although he was only eight, knew what tragedy was, because even in his short life he had seen death. But Steve, who might have thought he knew, too, didn't behave that way at all.

He was huddled in the lean-to playhouse which he had erected and equipped and to which he withdrew at every opportunity to fondle and admire, miser-like, his collection of Indian arrowheads, assembled on adventures into the timber of the hill close by his father's farm; or perhaps to count his chipped-out, gaudy marbles or gaze again with awe at the bearded and berobed figures illustrating his array of old Sunday school leaflets.

There were gaps in the walls at the ends of his lean-to, left where he had imperfectly joined old burlap sacks to create a barrier which would keep the world out.

Through one of these he saw Rex, his white terrier, streaking toward the dirt road which passed the house, toward a cloud of swirl-

the Field

by SAM C. STEWART

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL A. GROUT

ing dust which heralded the approach of neighbor Mort Fuller on his way to town in his wheezing old Buick with the brass head lamps and radiator.

Some sixth sense seemed to tell Steve to cry out, somehow to warn the dog; but perhaps shackled by prophetic horror it functioned too slowly.

Rex fell into stride with the bouncing car, barking angrily at its wobbling front wheel. Mort Fuller smote impatiently at the klaxon attached to the door of the open car. Then the car veered sharply in a rut, or Rex struck a clod with his flying feet. That quickly, the dog was under the wheel.

Fuller turned the car sharply, grinding his brakes, but the dog's wild yelp pierced the air—followed by a ki-yi-ing which faded in a space of seconds into poignant silence.

Tears welled up to dim the eyes of Steve, who, remember, was only eight. He knew an urge to rush to the side of his stricken playmate but the strength somehow was gone from his slim legs. He huddled there in his lean-to and tears coursed down his tanned cheeks as he watched Fuller get out of the car, pause long enough to utter an oath, and then lift the body of the dog with a sort of clumsy tenderness onto the lush growth of weeds which flanked the dusty track of the road. Then Fuller drove on down the dusty road.

THE DOG'S BODY was a magnet, the attraction of which was not strong enough to overcome the grief which gripped Steve and held him sobbing in the sanctuary of his lean-to. Yet he might have conquered this paralyzing feeling of tragedy had he not then seen his father appear from behind the rickety shelter, roofed with now-rotten straw, which was not a barn and which scarcely could be called a stable, but which afforded the farm's team of horses and its two milk cows with their only quarters.

Steve could not face his father—not now. Although they had lived together in virtual isolation since his mother had died a year before, Steve did not feel that he knew his father.

Jim Rogers was a big man, raw-boned of figure, rough-hewn of face, taciturn, most of the time expressionless. Steve seemed to remember that his father once had known how to laugh, but that was before his mother had died and they took her away to the little burial ground on the far side of the hill which overlooked the farm.

Since then Steve knew his father as a man who called him each morning to a breakfast which he had prepared after doing the morning chores, then went about the task of tilling the stubborn soil or harvesting its meager yield, depending on the season, ending the day by reading by lamplight beside the kitchen table after Steve had gone to bed.

From his cot in the small room off the kitchen, Steve often had watched his father before dropping off to sleep, and he realized that many times his father was not reading. He would sit for a long time without turning a page—then close the book, cup the lamp chimney with his big, rough hand, and blow out the wick.

Yet for some reason this unexplained aloofness seemed to leave his father as Steve watched him trudge across the field to the road. Jim Rogers held down the center strand of the barbed-wire fence as he climbed through, then stood and looked down at the lifeless form of Rex.

He glanced toward the house, as if expecting to see Steve. Then he stooped and lifted the dog with unmistakable gentleness and held the small white form close to him as he climbed back through the fence. He cradled the dog in one arm as he picked up a shovel at the stable and strode off toward the field beyond the garden.

The gentleness was still there as he put the dog down. As his father began to dig, Steve remembered how, a year before, Jim Rogers had climbed into the old buggy, taking that same shovel to dig the grave that was to receive Steve's mother.

Steve drew the red bandanna from the pocket of his overalls and wiped his eyes. His place was out there beside his father, he knew as he watched the measured bite of the shovel into the earth, forced down by his father's mud-caked, heavy-soled shoe, the lifting aside of dirt, the repeated routine.

He returned the handkerchief to his pocket, drew back the burlap draping the entrance to his lean-to, and stepped outside. He approached to within a few steps of his father and stared at the inert form of Rex. He was conscious of a tight, dry feeling in his throat.

JIM ROGERS had not noticed his son's approach, and did not see Steve until he stopped digging after the hole was a couple of feet deep, about as long and a foot and a half or so wide. He saw him first as he stuck the shovel blade into the pile of newly excavated earth.

"Hello, Son," he said.

Steve tried to smile but the effort made his eyes fill up with tears again.

Jim Rogers picked up the body of the dog and knelt to deposit it in the grave. This done, he stepped back and stood beside his son. He put one hand on Steve's shoulder; with the other he removed the grimy felt hat from his head. Thus they stood as several seconds slipped by.

Steve felt the grip tighten on his shoulder.

"Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name . . . ," Jim Rogers began in a low voice.

Almost without realizing it, Steve joined in a whispering—and sobbing—accompaniment as his father completed the lines of the prayer.

Then, almost brusquely, Jim Rogers clapped the hat back on his head, picked up the shovel, and began filling the hole. He did not stop until the surface of the earth was closed again over Rex's body, the place rounded by fresh clods.

Side by side the two walked toward the house. Neither spoke. Jim Rogers stopped at the stable to put away the shovel. Steve walked on and crawled again into his lean-to.

He was thinking, not of Rex, but of the man who was his father. He was thinking of the prayer his father had spoken there beside the grave.

Learning the prayer had, of course, been a part of Sunday school to Steve; nevertheless, he had been somehow surprised to hear his father use it. Not even the minister at the only church Steve ever had known had ever said anything quite so impressive, or said it so impressively. Yet Steve never had seen his father in church.

Steve could remember how on Sundays, rain, snow, or shine, his father had hitched up the buggy and taken Steve and his mother to town, let them out at the church for Sunday school, and driven away. But he was always back on time, waiting for Steve's mother, who taught a class right up until her last illness, and for Steve. And he had continued to deliver Steve at Sunday school each week since his wife had died.

Steve thought, then, of the change in his father since his mother had died. He remembered his coarse, bluff, good humor—and while Steve was too young to know anything about love, he remembered that his father and mother had seemed always to be supremely happy in each other's company. He thought of the silent, almost brooding attitude of his father in the year since his mother had died. He thought of Rex. And the question which was still unformed in his mind had an answer.

Steve had cried when his mother died, and cried when he watched her body lowered unevenly into the grave by the hands of men who were his father's friends. The wives of these men, Steve remembered, had patted him, embraced him, even kissed him, telling one another it was too bad—such a tiny boy left motherless, and so on. And because he had known his mother's laugh and her smile each day in their little home, he had felt lost without them, and had withdrawn into himself, and into his lean-to. In effect, hadn't his father done the same?

STEVE COULD hear the rattle of dishes inside the house and he knew that his father had gone in to assemble the noon meal. And there in his lean-to Steve did not feel like such a tiny boy any more.

He gathered his boxes and arrowheads and his marbles and his library of Sunday school leaflets in one big armload and emerged from the lean-to.

He looked past the stable and the garden to the spot of freshly turned earth in the field. A year ago, Steve perhaps had not realized fully the meaning of death. This his father knew, and the knowledge had kept him from sharing the full grief which had held him still and unseeing as he sat in the lamplight each evening. But the gap of a year had been spanned in an hour, spanned for both of them. Steve understood death.

A thrill of partnership he never had known before was Steve's as he joined his father in the kitchen and placed his treasures on a shelf in the corner of the room. Oh, sure, he'd keep the lean-to, but his place was near his father, whether in the house, in the barnyard, or in the field. After all, the lean-to was a sort of playhouse and playhouses were for little boys, and he had been only seven when he built it. But that was a whole year in the past. He was eight now.

Faith

No fire warms so well as one
That heats the hands first claimed by cold;
Nowhere do coins gleam so bright
As in the purse long-parched for gold;
None but the famished flower can gauge
The benediction of the rain;
No one can fully fathom peace
Who has not wrestled first with pain.

Though darkened ways awhile we walk,
Let steps be steadfast, unafraid:
Light brighter shines when seen at last
By eyes that have grown used to shade.

—INA SINGLETON STOVALL

THE GOLDEN MOLD

(*From page* 10.)

against another one class of disease-producing bacteria, streptomycin largely against another sort. Aureomycin, on the other hand, battles with much success against both types of germs. Among the bacterial infections conquered by this new drug are undulant fever, rabbit fever, infections of the eye, the skin and the urinary system.

Even greater range for Aureomycin was soon found for it broke down the hitherto impregnable wall behind the bacteria to control the next smallest class of disease-producing agents—the rickettsia. Rickettsial diseases such as Rocky Mountain spotted fever, Q fever, typhus, parrot fever, and a venereal disease called lymphogranuloma venereum all are brought under control quickly by Aureomycin, effecting recoveries that amaze the medical profession.

Perhaps, the most spectacular results with Aureomycin have been achieved against so-called "virus" pneumonia against which doctors were helpless. Physicians speak of "virus" pneumonia as primary atypical pneumonia, and while it is seldom fatal, this common respiratory infection, before Aureomycin, usually caused many days of high fever and even a longer convalescent period. But after a few golden capsules of Aureomycin were taken, fevers as high as 105° vanished after twenty-four to forty-eight hours, painful coughs became nonexistent, and many a patient who might have been hospitalized for weeks was up and around and fully recovered seven days after treatment with Aureomycin was started.

One of the greatest advantages of Aureomycin is that it is taken by mouth, a few capsules daily, thus relieving hospital congestion and demands on the nursing staff, when frequent injections are necessary. Another advantage is that it does not build up resistant strains of germs which make diseases harder to fight, nor does it frequently cause allergic reactions. Early batches caused some nausea, but Lederle experts have now improved Aureomycin so that the discomfort it previously produced is eliminated. In addition to the wonder-working capsules which control internal infections.

DAY BY DAY, more evidence of the effectiveness and the versatility of Aureomycin is being added to its clinical score. There are hopeful indications that the discomforts of certain infectious diseases typical of childhood—mumps—may be lessened by Aureomycin, and reports have been received that amebic dysentery succumbs to this great drug. Recently, its effectiveness against whooping cough and infectious mononucleosis has been shown.

Because Aureomycin has made such vital conquests in the battle against disease, the medical profession is today inspired with the greater hope that the viruses— a class of germ still baffling to science—may in time be fought successfully with antibiotics.



—*Morley Burteen.*

"Say, Mister, have you seen a hole in the ground somewheres?"

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(*See page* 39.)

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." (Col. 3:16.)

The Words

A. Eden	N. Hymn
B. Picnic	O. Headache
C. Hot dog	P. Strong
D. Champion	Q. Laundry
E. Glider	R. Horn
F. Sinai	S. Twin
G. Sideshow	T. Island
H. Ringlet	U. Hoosier
I. Million	V. Sandal
J. Stilts	W. Tenor
K. Fourth	X. Slant
L. Wigwam	Y. Stay
M. Hungry	

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life



By Joseph John Hanson

Parent-Pupil-Teacher Programs

THE FEDERATED church of Ayer, Massachusetts, recently conducted a Parent-Pupil-Teacher Night which represented its first venture in this area of activity. The program began with a family style covered-dish supper at 6:30. Tables were set up to accommodate ninety people, and one hundred twenty came. Luckily, there was no shortage of food, since each family brought its own. After the supper some fifty parents and teachers met to discuss, "What Parents and Church School Teachers Have a Right to Expect of Each Other." While the parents and teachers were meeting, the children and young people were having programs of games. The families and teachers came together again for a half-hour to see the sound-motion picture on home missions entitled *For All People*. Here is a program that will bear rich fruit in the program of the church, and in promoting better parent-teacher relations.

At this same church a successful Leadership Training Institute has just concluded. One course was offered for young adults and parents called "The Fine Art of Living Together," in which a study was made of such subjects as: "The Christian Home," "Good Times Together," and "Family Finances." The members of the class used two splendid texts, *Toward a Christian Home* by Florence M. Sly, and *Our Family Grows Toward God* by Mary Clemens Odell.

A Project for Juniors

In the winter issue of *The Harbinger*, our publication for children's workers, the editor recounts this story from Mrs. Louis Lauren of the First Baptist Church, Seattle, Washington, concerning a Christmas service project for their junior department:

"Juniors never tire of giving! Last Christmas, shortly after mailing our 'Chanukah Festival' gifts for young friends overseas, our juniors began collecting in a brightly colored container extra nickels and dimes for our 'Christmas Treat for Shut-ins.' Since this offering was taken each Sunday following our regular church school offering, we were surprised to find a total of three dollars and eighty-five cents by the date of our Christmas Caroling Party for shut-ins.

"A large red apple, a large orange, and a handful of hard candy were packed in red cellophane and ribbon by a junior group during the second hour of our expanded session on the Sunday preceding our party.

"The names of shut-ins living in the vicinity of the church were secured from our Deaconesses who notified the shut-ins in advance of our plans.

"The caroling itineraries included a blind lady and several aged folk. We couldn't have had a more pleasant reception. The shut-ins were especially delighted to see such young faces. We were confronted with 'Must you go so soon?' 'Won't you sing just one more song?' and more often than not we found ourselves being treated with cookies.

"Pure delight shone in the faces of the boys and girls as they sensed the joy and saw the happiness reflected in the faces of all for whom they sang. There was never richer meaning in their greetings of 'Merry Christmas' as we departed."

If, perchance, your parents' group or Junior department leaders are looking for projects to sponsor, the foregoing idea commends itself for any period of the year.

National Family Week

Family Week will be observed this year from May 6 to 13, providing another opportunity for families and churches to re-emphasize the importance of the family as a builder of Christian character, moral stature, and spiritual integrity.

Many materials are available that can be used to excellent effect in planning a Family Week emphasis, including guidance leaflets for parents. Write to the Department of Adult Work for sample copies.

Make this week in your church and home an occasion of real significance. Talk to your pastor right away.

Prayer of a Homemaker

O God, our Creator, on this first warm day of spring, many are the poetic prayers that will be ascending to thy throne. There will be thanksgiving for the bursting buds of apple trees, for bright splotches of violets, for the sweet songs of meadow larks. I love these things too, dear Father, but today my heart overflows for a humbler reason. After long months of basement dreariness, I can hang my clothes outdoors! Once more the sheets and the boys' shirts can take unto themselves the sun's warm, bleaching rays. Once more in the evening I can gather in soft, sweet-smelling garments. And once again I can chat with my neighbors on the family doings that have been shut all winter behind snowy doors. Marion, Peggy and I will laugh with one another across the clotheslines as we race to see who gets the first load hung! Yes, it's good to be alive this morning, dear God, and I want to say thank you! Amen.

by Frances Dunlap Heron

BIRTHDAYS ARE IMPORTANT!

(*From page* 23.)

the affair . . . to smooth out any troublesome arguments that are so likely to occur at a juvenile party. Often selfishness is best handled through the medium of sharing in games and at play, and a party is the place where these activities occur. Because of that angle, it's a charming idea to have the honored child have a dime-store gift for each guest; this eliminates the "gimmee" feeling which a child might get when showered with birthday gifts since she, too, is giving as well as accepting presents! Often these small gifts can be used as favors placed at each child's place at the table; and we all know that children adore having something to take home from parties.

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Garden where Adam and Eve first lived _____
143 147 126 108

B. A party in the open, with lots of food _____
80 62 125 87 99 31

C. A frankfurter or wiener-wurst in a roll _____
75 44 102 58 27 114

D. Person who has won the highest honors, especially in sports _____
13 5 48 59 98 16 8 52

E. Kind of airplane that flies without an engine _____
109 83 65 88 70 100

F. Mountain upon which Moses received the ten commandments _____
111 127 92 124 119

G. One of the small tent shows with a circus _____
17 51 96 47 63 89 68 20

H. A curl; especially a long curl of hair _____
77 30 69 122 39 76 46

I. A very large number; in fact, 1,000,000 _____
91 35 105 22 41 60 79

J. Long poles with footholds attached, to raise the feet above the ground when walking _____
85 18 78 23 74 97

K. A quarter of anything _____
12 73 103 29 4 14

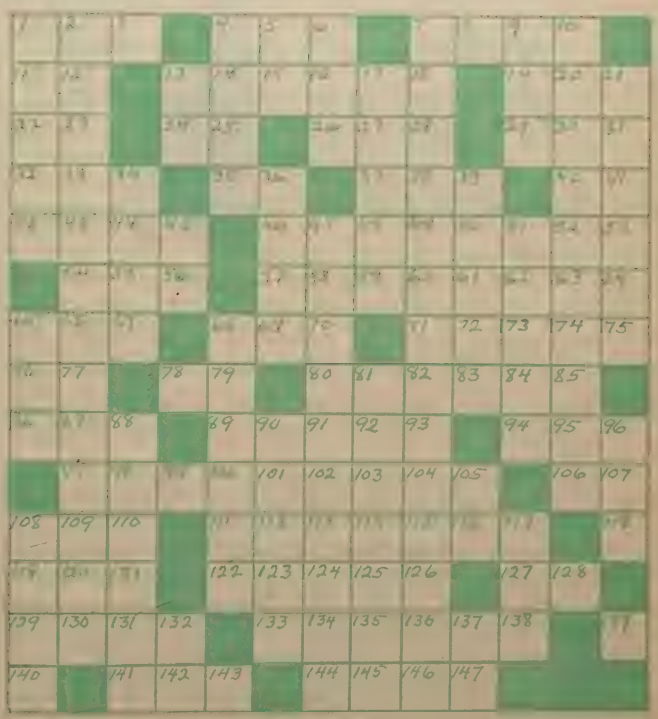
L. An Indian hut or cabin _____
7 24 67 40 82 45

M. Wanting food _____
50 28 61 117 123 34

N. A sacred song _____
133 129 84 66

O. Pain in the head _____
32 2 37 10 71 49 64 6

P. Stout, sturdy, or powerful _____
Q. Place where clothes are sent to be washed _____
42 120 146 145 25 53
1 54 131 36 43 15 26



R. A musical instrument; also a deer's antler _____
142 107 136 113

S. The kind of brother Esau was to Jacob _____
141 118 112 128

T. A tract of land surrounded by water _____
101 81 33 86 55 19

U. Nickname of a person born in Indiana _____
121 11 130 110 115 21 9

V. A kind of shoe consisting of a sole with straps to keep it on the foot _____
93 57 72 56 135 38

W. A man's high singing voice _____
3 134 95 140 132

X. To slope _____
106 144 94 116 137

Y. To remain, or stop _____
138 139 104 90

Grace Table Mats

By
VERNA
GRISIER
McCULLY



GRACE TABLE MATS are something to make for the whole family. You can do this yourself, or everybody at home can help. A set of mats makes an unusual gift for friends or other families. Your class, too, can make a large number of mats to use at class entertainments or church suppers. They cost very little.

Heavy paper or cardboard can be used for the mats, but cardboard is preferable, since it is more durable. If you use paper, choose very heavy wrapping paper, construction or drawing paper. It can be white or any light color. Cardboard should have a smooth surface which can be easily lettered with pen and ink. However, ordinary cardboard or pulp board can be used if you cover it by pasting on a layer of paper. Draw or paste the design, and letter the grace on the paper.

The best size for mats is ten inches by fifteen. You can also make small tumbler mats, five or six inches square. Whether you work on paper or cardboard, or paper mounted on cardboard, first draw a pattern on plain paper. This should include the decoration you wish, as well as the grace. In this way you can figure how much space is needed for the words and how much is left for border.

Several ideas are illustrated. Figure A shows a border made by pasting on colored cellophane scotch tape, in one or two colors. Or you can use colored gummed paper or passe partout. Either of these is best pasted on cardboard mats or paper that has been mounted on cardboard. Plain paper is likely to curl when the strips are pasted on.

Hand lettering for the grace is nicest. This can be either printed or neatly written. Rule light pencil guide lines, then pencil in the words lightly. Be sure they are well spaced, not crowded toward one end or the other. This is why you must make a careful pattern first, as a guide. After penciling, print or write the words with black or brown waterproof ink in a drawing pen. A ball-point pen is best.

If you are not good at printing or writing, type the grace on paper, then paste that to the mat. The best method is to use only capital letters. Make a space between letters, and three spaces between words. This will look almost like printing press print. Practice first on scrap paper, to figure out the best spacing for words. If one line is very short, leave four spaces between words. If a line is extra long, leave only two spaces between words. The paper used can be the same as that of the mat, or it can be the same color as your cardboard, or a different color.

"just for fun!"

Figure C shows flowers cut from a seed catalogue and pasted on to form top and bottom borders. Colored prints are nicest, but you can tint black and white prints with water colors. The grace on this card is shown printed on a separate strip of paper, then pasted on. It can also be printed directly on the mat.

Mat E is easy to decorate with star stickers. First cut a plain oblong mat, then cut notches two inches from each corner. Paste big star stickers in each corner, and little ones along the top and bottom. For a tumbler mat, figure G, use only small stars. Another design is shown in figure H. This may be adapted to a large mat by cutting notches at each corner.

Mat I shows another arrangement using flowers from a seed catalogue. Or you can use large flower stickers, or draw and paint flowers in the corners. The border of mat K is made by tracing around the end of a spool. This can be done with crayon or colored pencil. Afterward some or all of the half circles can be filled in with paint in one or two colors.

Figure M is spattered. To do this, first cut a piece of paper large enough for the grace. Hold this lightly in the center with rubber cement. Then spatter the entire mat. Use water color or tempera mixed fairly thick. Dip in a toothbrush and rub across an old comb. Test spatters first, to get small ones. When a mat is spattered and the paint dry, remove the center paper. This leaves a plain place for writing the grace.

When the mats are finished, brush the entire surface of each with white shellac. Or cut clear cellophane larger than mat size. Place this over the top, then turn the edges under. Cut a plain paper lining the size of the mat and paste that across the entire bottom of the mat.

Morning is come,
The board is spread;
Thanks be to Him
Who giveth bread.
Praise God for bread.

For these and all His other mercies,
God's Holy Name be praised.

For health and strength and daily food
We praise Thy name, O Lord.

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all His benefits.

Bless, O Lord, these Thy gifts to our use,
And us to Thy loving service.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord,
Who giveth his fruits in due season.

Tribute

She leaves her child at home, and goes to sing
With black-robed choristers, her hymn of love.
Her full sweet diapason swells above,
And sets the angel harpstrings quivering.
Her sister hastens through the dark to bring
The heated bottle from the kitchen stove,
Sits by the crib to mend a tiny glove,
And hears no humming of a vibrant string.

But they in Heaven hear it and rejoice.
It stills the singing of seraphic bands
Who, great wings folded, wondering, stand to view
Their instruments respond to Mary's voice,
And see the loving work of Martha's hands
Setting the golden harpstrings quivering too.

—Marion L. Miller

Travelog

For some who long to travel far
An ocean liner, train, or car
Might be the choice, but I, instead,
Prefer a whiff of gingerbread.
Embarking on its errant lead
Unscheduled, but with lightning speed,
Beyond an old nostalgic lane,
I find myself a child again,
And Mother, just as long ago,
Appears there kneading spicy dough.
She shapes, as only mothers can,
A fat, grotesque, delightful man
With grinning mouth, and raisin eyes
To stare and mimic my surprise.
Such is my destination if
I ride aboard the Magic Whiff.

—Florence Jansson



Bonnie demonstrates spinning on the Jersey wheel. This is the earliest type wheel known to be used in America.

For facts on Great-grandma ask Bonnie Brown, who makes a career of emulating her

HAVE YOU EVER wondered how great-grandmother managed to do her sweeping and dusting while wearing hoopskirts? Or where she put spinning wheels, reels and looms when you can't even find a place for your workbasket?

Well, the truth is that great-grandmother wore hoops only for dressup. For her housework, she wore house dresses even as you and I. These were longer and more voluminous than even the late new look, to be sure, but they were hung over a few petticoats and great-grandma only. No hoops.

At least that's what Bonnie Brown says, and she makes a career of emulating great grandmother.

In historic old Williamsburg, Virginia, Bonnie shows thousands of visitors to the restored Capital just how spinning and weaving was accomplished before the days of textile mills.

And she has a spinning house just for spinning and weaving. Colonial ladies worked regular hours in the spinning house, much as today's career girl works in her office or shop.

Extensive research has provided authenticity for Bonnie's activities.

But research didn't tell Bonnie what great-grandma did about lizards, and Bonnie would like to know.

These swift moving reptiles come out from between the bricks of the 18th century floor, and slither about Bonnie's brass-buckled pumps. It's most disconcerting, but have you ever tried to catch a lizard?

However, of late, Bonnie's aim with a broom has improved. The last one was forced to leave a couple joints of his tail outside his brick hiding place. Great-grandma must have been very quick, indeed.

In keeping with Williamsburg custom, Bonnie dresses for work in a dark green cotton gown that took all of eleven yards of material to make. Over it she wears a cape, and her curls are topped with a frilly cap no bigger than a beanie.

The key that unlocks her spinning house measures five and one-half inches in length. The lock itself is five by eight inches. Keyholes of Colonial days were so large that special plugs were made to stop the draft they let in.

The spinning house is a cozy, cheerful place. In cold weather an open fire burns on the hearth. Spinning wheels, swifts, reels, a loom and wool cards clutter it up.

There's an over-all braided wool rug on the floor, an expensive reproduction of those great-grandma made from the family's worn-out clothes.

About half of the small house is occupied by a hand loom. On it Bonnie weaves baby blankets which are sold by the Restoration.

There aren't any light fixtures in Bonnie's spinning house. If she works after dark it is by flickering

The Lowdow

By HAZEL HAUG

candlelight. What was good enough for great-grandma. . . .

When you visit her, Bonnie will show you first how wool is carded. Then she'll demonstrate the earliest known model spinning wheel to be used in this country.

It is called a Jersey high or wool wheel. This giant ancestor of the spinning wheel family disappeared after the invention of the Saxony or flax wheel. There is no record that anyone mourned its passing.

The wheel itself measures forty-five inches in diameter. It is supported by a thirty-inch wooden shaft rising from a three-legged base that is one foot from the floor at the lowest end and two feet at the highest.

To operate it one must stand. It takes a quick, hard forward push for the spinning, and an abrupt reversal for winding the spun yarn. This requires firm footing.



The Saxony wheel was a later invention and much easier to operate.

THE SPINNING is done at the point of a six-inch spindle, and the winding, when the wheel is reversed, is done on the middle of the same spindle. You do the whole thing with a sort of rhythmic dance step. Don't feel bad if you don't understand. It took Bonnie a month of daily practice to learn it.

In some families children helped with the spinning. To make it possible for them to reach the high wool wheel, a hole was cut in the floor so it could be lowered. No, standing on a box won't work.

Transporting you forward in the past, Bonnie will show you how to operate a flax wheel. These came into use about 1600, and replaced the wool wheel within an understandably short time.

The flax wheel was much easier to operate. For one thing you could sit down. In addition, it took up much less space, and there was a small type that great-grandmother could take to hen parties and continue working while she gossiped.

A later model had a treadle which made operation by foot possible, leaving both hands free for spinning. Also the flyer was added which wound the yarn by drawing it in making continuous spinning possible. Leonardo da Vinci, the painter, is given credit for inventing this helpful gadget.

After the wool is spun, it is wound into skeins. If you think this is a hit-or-miss job, or that it was laid out and measured yard by yard, you're wrong.

Great-grandmother used a clock reel. When eighty yards have been wound on the wooden pegs that project from a flat wheel, a hammer, which has risen steadily with each turn of the wooden cog wheel, drops with a loud bang. I wonder if great-grandma always jumped, too.

n Great-grandma



Books for the Hearth Side

The desire to be needed and to feel important is the theme of **Red Rooster,** by Edna Boutwell (Aladdin Books, unpaged, $1.75). When Red Rooster felt he was no longer needed, he left home. As he traveled he found two hens, a yellow cat, a brown dog, a black horse, a white goat, a gentle cow, and an old woman, all of whom felt as he did. They journeyed together, thinking surely someone needed them. How they finally found the perfect solution to their problem will satisfy children who read for themselves or those who have the story read to them. Bernard Garbutt's illustrations add much to the story.

One morning a little boy woke up and said, "This is backward day." This is the beginning of **The Backward Day,** by Ruth Krauss (Harper & Brothers, unpaged, $1.50). To a child, there is complete logic in this funny story of a little boy and his family as they begin a day by doing everything opposite from the usual humdrum routine. An unusually cooperative family make it possible for the little boy to say at the end of the story, "Backward day is done." The illustrations by Marc Simont add interest and humor to the text.

Children who love dogs will especially enjoy **Doughnuts for Lin,** written and illustrated by Nora S. Unwin (Aladdin Books, unpaged, $1.75). The adventures of this happy, amusing Scottie help Lin to make friends with an old lady, do her a favor, and win a reward. The gay illustrations add greatly to the fun. The phrasing and rhythm of the lines make the text easy to read.

An interesting picture of the customs and daily life in present-day Sweden is given in **Lars and Lisa in Sweden,** by Alida Vreeland (Aladdin Books, 122 pages, $2.00). Swedish birthday, festival, and holiday celebrations are different from ours, yet have many of the same elements. The description of the dance around the bonfire on St. Walpurgis Night; the raising of the Maypole on Mid-summer Eve; the legend of St. Lucy; the excitement of preparing for Christmas and New Year will give children new insights into the lives of Swedish children. There is also shown the lovely spirit of happy home life.

The blessings and pleasure that come with rain are often overlooked until there has been experienced the anxiety and suffering caused by long drought. **The Good Rain,** by Alice E. Goudy (Aladdin Books, unpaged, $1.75), tells in poetic words what the lack of rain means both to city children and to country children. Their joy in the long-awaited rain is full of thrill and excitement. There are graphic illustrations by Nora Unwin.

Modern mothers will enjoy almost as much as young children Clare Turlay Newberry's **T-Bone the Baby Sitter.** (Harper & Brothers, unpaged, 1.75.) This story is about a real baby and her cat, T-Bone, so called because he once ate a valuable steak, who acts as baby-sitter. The cat's irresponsible habits, his one lapse into mischief, and its direful results make a good story. The twenty-five charcoal drawings done by the author are charming.

Another title has been added to the Childhood of Famous American Series. It is **Woodrow Wilson, Boy President,** by **Helen A. Monsell** (Bobbs-Merril, 186 pages, $1.75). The story begins in Augusta, Georgia, when Thomas Woodrow Wilson was a small boy. Lincoln had just been elected president and everywhere there was talk of war. The boy was puzzled and worried because older people were worried. He heard his father say that sometime a leader would come who would be willing to understand others and not fight. He never forgot those words. The Wilson's barn was the meeting place for the boys of the neighborhood. They decided to form a club and Tommy was elected president because he knew the rules. He usually won the boys to his ideas in such a way that they thought the idea was their own. Tommy's education at Princeton clarified his ideas as to what he would do with his life. How he dedicated himself to his ideals makes a thrilling story.

Well known to parents and those who work with young children are **The Noisy Books** by Margaret Wise Brown. **The Quiet Noisy Book** (Harper & Brothers, unpaged, $1.50) is the latest in this series and it follows the question and answer pattern set in the former books. The text, the pictures by Leonard Weisgard, the format, all combine to produce a feeling of quietness. The source of the quiet noise which woke Muffin comes as a delightful surprise.

Young children ask over and over again for favorite stories. A Big Golden Book, **Storytime Tales** (Simon and Schuster, 208 pages, 1.00), is an excellent anthology of old favorites and new stories and poems. The full color pictures by Corinne Malvern will invite readers and listeners to the new stories and add fresh interest to the old.

Storms and bad weather mean inconvenience to most persons, but they seldom think of the consequences to the wild animals of the forest. **Trapped by the Mountain Storm,** by Aileen Fisher (Aladdin Books, 124 pages, $2.00), describes the dramatic struggle for existence and the ways in which some of the wild folk of the Colorado Rockies survive a three-day storm. Most wild things are trapped by snow or pursued by their enemies. The author has told in simple yet graphic words how the wild things, trapped by the storm, pursued by their enemies and driven to seek food, shelter and protection in a frozen, snow-covered world, manage to survive. This would be an excellent book for reading aloud in the family. Realistic drawings by J. Fred Collins add greatly to the interest of this book.

There is magic in laughter, in love, and in the minds of children. Such magic comes to life in Timothy, the Leprecaun, when he visits Singing Cow Island in Maine. **Then Came Timothy,** by Frances Frost (Whittlesey House, 155 pages, $2.00), is a rollicking story of an Irish family, their friends, and their belief in the Little People. The adventures the children have with Timothy, the mysteries he solves will delight boys and girls. The delightful pictures by Richard Bennett add to the fun of the story.

DREAMS FOR DANNY

(*From page* 8.)

flown a date hoping you'd ask her. Don't you think he ought to go, Mrs. Smith?"

"I'm sure of it. Why don't you try it, son?"

"You don't need to worry about Danny, Mrs. Smith," confided Janet, Jimmy's girl friend, the next day. "Everyone's absolutely crazy about him. Danny's perfectly swell!"

We grew very fond of Muriel that summer. She and Danny went everywhere together. There was a bright courage about Muriel. You knew that she was ready to stand up to life. She would need her gallant spirit if she were really interested in Danny. Crippled or not, Danny was a man now, looking forward to a career of helping others.

"What'll you do if Danny wants to marry the girl?" asked Ted bluntly.

"I hope he does," I answered stoutly. "Muriel's a grand girl. Ted, it would be perfect if Danny could have a normal life and a real home of his own!"

And things worked out that way. Danny was graduated from medical school and began his internship at the Martin Hubbard Memorial Hospital. Muriel entered nursing school, not to practice but to share in Danny's profession after they were married.

Across the street on the corner stands a large brick house. A sign swings above the side entrance. It reads, "Dr. Daniel Smith—Pediatrician."

Often, Ted and I stand in the window to watch as Danny drives up after his morning round of calls. He still limps a little and often uses a cane. As the car slows to a stop and Danny makes his way toward the office door we can hear the happy shouts of the children on the street. "There's Dr. Danny! Hello, Dr. Danny!" they cry as they run to meet him. He waits, no matter how rushed he is. We see him wave at one child and bend over to hear what another is trying to tell him. Tears fill our eyes, tears of love and gratitude. We are so proud of our son. Danny has won his victory!

"THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES"

(*From page* 17.)

lished by Consumers' Research or Consumers' Union. Many of these same organizations have also published materials on clothing and household goods that will help you to get more value for your money.

Personal upkeep is an expense that will vary greatly in different families. Many people think it is a good idea to have a fixed allowance for every member of the family—even Dad and Mother. This can be used not only for toilet articles, recreation, stamps, etc., but also to buy gifts for each other. No matter how small this allowance is, the member who receives it should be allowed to spend it as he wishes. Let everyone in the family have a chance to learn stewardship personally on a small scale, even if Charley the five-year-old spends his whole quarter foolishly the first day. When he gets no more till next week, he will begin to plan better.

The transportation heading requires much thought. The family car is usually the largest item, probably larger than you think! Figure how much you are spending for gasoline, oil, grease, tires, batteries, insurance, garage rental, taxes, and licenses, and repairs. This is the operating cost. But you also have a depreciation cost to consider each year. How much will the car decline in value before you trade or sell it? This is an important factor in your budget. A car that you bought for $3,000 and sold two years later for $1,500 costs your family $750 a year over that period. A $1700 car that is sold for $800 in three years cost you $300 per year during that time—just to own! Add this depreciation to the operating cost and see how much your car costs you per year. It may be anywhere from $500 to $1,000, if you do much driving.

Some families spend more on their car than on food or housing. In your family council, ask whether you can really afford a car. Suppose you did all your traveling by bus, trolley, train, and (on special occasions) taxis—or even did a bit more walking! Would your budget look better or worse?

Well, you see how it goes. There isn't space enough in *Hearthstone* to cover every department of your budget thoroughly, but you can see the workings of Christian stewardship and economy. There certainly should be some provision for savings against future emergencies. Insurance is one form of saving, if your policy has a good cash value, which a reliable agent of a standard well-established company will be glad to explain to you. A savings account is important for emergencies, as your own money is more easily obtained than a loan, and it's a lot more pleasant to have interest paid *in* to you than *out* to a lender. You are probably already participating in a hospitalization plan; if not, it is worth considering.

WHEN THE BUDGET is all made out, add it up. It probably won't balance—they never do. Go back and cut out duplications. Did you include your automobile tax twice (under transportation and taxes)? Did you count bus fares under transportation and also under personal upkeep? Now add it again. It still won't balance? Well, you'll have to cut. And every time you cut, ask: "Would God approve?"

Budgets are not meant to be straitjackets. Yours will be a guide to live by, but not an absolute rule. Bookkeeping can drive you crazy! But keep enough of a record of your expenses that the family council can review the situation now and then and see whether the budget is working fairly well or needs to be changed. Here's hoping for the best!

(*From page* 15.)

advice and go west. He had had his second lesson in Americanism in New York politics, and now he was to have his third. Along the banks of the Little Missouri, winding from Wyoming into the Dakotas, is a strip of wild land long ago named the Bad Lands. Thither the weary Roosevelt took his way; and he was joined later by his old friend Bill Sewall and his family. And he made many other friends. With them he hunted buffalo, antelope and deer.

He became a true cowboy, and learned how to run a ranch. He learned more—how America was still being made in the wilds of the West. He established two ranches and became an important citizen. He had his battles there, too. When he formed an organization to take care of the thieves who were stealing horses and cattle, he was threatened with shooting. But he cared not for that; he would still fight for right and justice. Theodore Roosevelt liked the people of the West; they were not folks of culture, but were, after all, real Americans.

In 1886, at twenty-eight, the young hero was back in New York. He ran for the office of mayor of New York City, but was defeated. So he decided to retire cheerfully to his family's summer home, on Sagamore Hill, near Oyster Bay, as a country gentleman and writer. But after two or three years, he became restless and went to Washington, D. C., where he served as a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission for six years. His experience there was one continuous battle for honesty and a square deal against crookedness and favoritism. Finishing his work with the Commission, he went in 1895 to New York City, where he was made president of the city police board. Now he was moving fast, and toward great goals.

HIS NEXT position was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the McKinley administration. He accepted this post in 1897, but he was not to continue long at this desk duty. For, in February 1898, the U. S. battleship "Maine" was reported blown up in Havana Harbor. That was a call to action. He and his long-time friend, Leonard Wood, decided to raise a regiment and enter the Spanish-American War as fighters. They would make this regiment truly American—from north and south, from rich and poor families. There were cowboys, miners, factory laborers and unlearned farmers in that regiment, as well as college men, club men, actors, and millionaires. Wood was colonel and Roosevelt second in command. But it was Roosevelt who developed the aggregation of soldiers into a fighting body; it was he who speeded things up when supplies and arms were delayed; and it was he, as commander of the Rough Riders, who drove the Spaniards from the first Cuban hill and swept on to the second, the famous San Juan ridge.

In 1898 Theodore Roosevelt—now Colonel Roosevelt—returned to his Washington post, a national hero. Three months later he was elected governor of New York on the Republican ticket. At once he began his fight against the bosses who ran the state and againt the magnates who plundered the poor.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.

R. L. Stevenson.

He secured the passage of laws in the interest of the people. He became so popular that when, in late 1899, a running mate was needed as vice-presidential candidate with McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt was the man. And victory came. In March 1901 he took the oath of office.

Soon was to come his opportunity for greater service. When in September, 1901, President McKinley was assinated, the still youthful and dynamic son of the rich headed the national government. Now was his opportunity. Now he could really work for a "square deal" for all.

The new President was only forty-two, but he was at his best as a fighter. The people liked him though the magnates and politicians did not. He soon began fighting big business and special privilege. When a coal strike in Pennsylvania loomed, he made the employers arbitrate. Then he attacked the methods of the Standard Oil Company, the Steel Trust, the Beef Trust; he took special delight in sending crooked politicians to prison. Wall Street assailed the President as a wild man. But he kept up the fight. "Speak softly," he said, "but carry a big stick." This policy he carried into international affairs. He became the leading statesman of his time. As mediator, he brought the Russo-Japanese War to a close. Everywhere his influence was felt. Among his great deeds was the building of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama and the building of a great navy for his country.

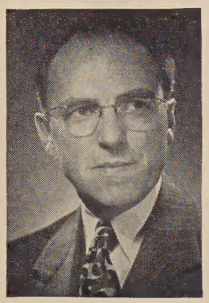
LEAVING OFFICE in 1909, he spent a year hunting big game in Africa. Returning through Europe, he was hailed everywhere as a world hero. In America again he renewed his fight for social justice. But soon was off on another adventure. In South America for a jaunt, he discovered a hitherto unknown river; he was taken ill. After his recovery he returned to the United States. When World War I broke out Roosevelt labored for preparedness and offered to raise a division of troops for service, but was turned down by President Wilson.

Theodore Roosevelt might have been re-elected President in 1908 but he refused. In 1912 he sought the nomination but the politicians hated him, and he was scorned. Then, Roosevelt-like, he formed the new Progressive party, and again became a great crusader. His ideas have never died, although, in 1919 his life went out. His heroism and his ideals of righteousness and justice and good will are a permanent heritage of the American people.

Family Counselors



Elizabeth N. Jones



Paul B. Baum

Question: My daughter has just had her first year in college; she tells me that she does not want to go back for a second year, because she was too lonesome during her first year away from home. How can I help her face this problem?

Answer: Many factors might be responsible for the refusal of this young woman to return to college for a second year. The parents, the college, and the girl herself may be to blame.

Parents. Frequently parents are so anxious that their child succeed that they place him in a situation which makes it extremely difficult for him to attain their goals. This leads to feelings of guilt and frustration.

The College. This is the day of mass education. Unless the college is committed to the philosophy of individualized instruction, the shy student may develop the feeling that he isn't important.

The Girl Herself. Some students, when they come to college, are still tied psychologically to their mothers' apron strings; they have been unable to develop a self-sufficiency and independence which are characteristic of maturity. In their minds, they cannot dissociate less dependence from less belonging.

Since it is evident that all three have a part in this problem, the greatest responsibility for overcoming the personality defect rests with the girl herself.

The following suggestions may prove helpful:

(1) Every person needs another to whom he can go in times of stress, without feeling a sense of dependency. Sometimes the statement is made: "I have no one in whom I can confide." To discover this person requires unqualified faith and trust in the integrity of the other person.

(2) Social activity in work or play is more healthful than individual activity. In a group, each person becomes forgetful of his own immediate needs, while he finds satisfaction in joint achievements. Social contacts also keep one active and alert to the present situation. Perhaps your daughter needs to be encouraged during the summer months to increase her participation in group projects, in order that it will be easier to do this when she returns to college in the fall.

(3) A sense of humor—to be able to laugh at one's own mistakes—is a "must" of healthy living. Laughter releases tension and gives a fresh perspective to what otherwise might be an unhappy situation.

(4) Since the scientific method is the best approach to any problem, here is an opportunity for the young woman to use this method. Good adjustment demands that we live with each situation as it arises and attack it promptly. This means that the individual must look at the problem objectively, from all points of view, and on the basis of this evidence, evaluate its importance. Various courses of action are then considered, the immediate and remote results of each are weighed, and the individual decides on a method of adjustment. If it fails, another plan is tried, just as the scientist attempts another theory after one has been disproved.

Since any sense of well-being stems from a knowledge of worthwhileness, may I suggest that you assist your daughter to become proficient in at least one thing—perhaps a sport, or a hobby. When she can be included in a group because she contributed and is wanted, college may become a happy place for her. P. B.

Question: My twelve-year-old boy joined the church last year. He was quite impressed at the time of the pastor's class and his baptism. I thought he would continue to be interested in the church, but he has lost his enthusiasm. I don't like to see him become just another "lukewarm" member.

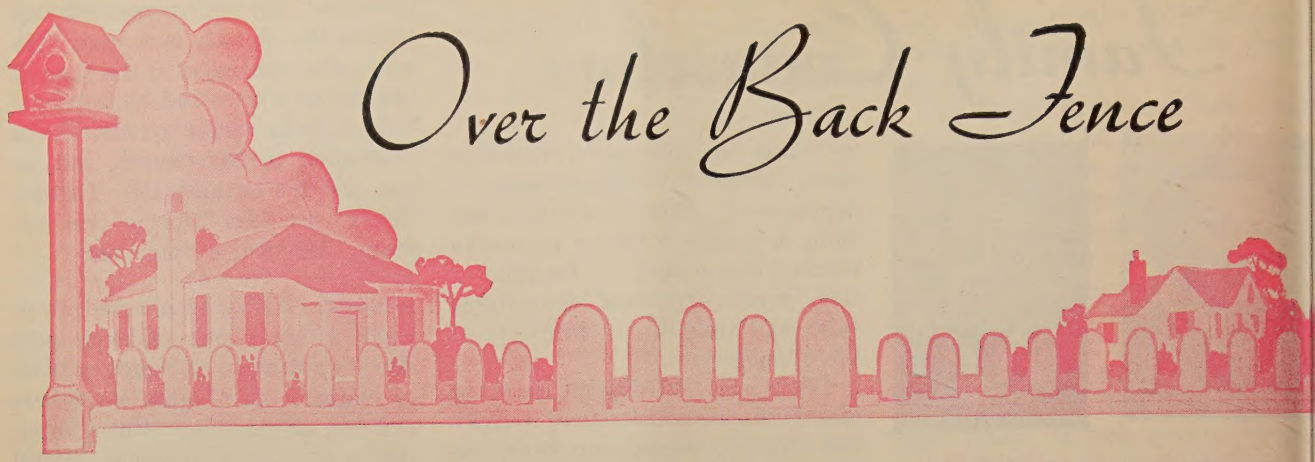
Answer: We've been asked often what to do about children who don't want to go to Sunday school or church. It is quite a common problem at this age. But I think this is a different problem. Many ministers these days spend a great deal of thought on making the pastor's class for church members an inspirational and challenging experience. Usually the young Christians do enter into their church membership with a spirit of wholehearted dedication. But many times the interest and concern of the church members and the minister stops there. The child's relationship to the church seems to be no different than before. He is given no opportunity to serve the church as a member. Consequently his enthusiasm dies. Actually this is a problem which should be solved by the minister and the congregation, but there are some things you can do to help:

First, have a personal talk with the minister. See if there are not ways in your church in which these teen-age members can be made to feel welcome and important to the life of the church.

Second, talk over with him ways in which he feels he would like to serve the church. Then help him to make those contributions.

Finally, be very enthusiastic about your own church membership. We parents always hope that our children will do better than we have done. In this respect, your own enthusiasm and regard for the church will spark his feeling for it. If you wholeheartedly support the meetings and activities of the church, he will be more apt to do so too. If you prayerfully prepare yourself for public worship, making such preparations seem important to him, he will be challenged to do likewise.

E. N. J.



Over the Back Fence

Can Spring Be Far Behind?

When you read this issue of *Hearthstone* spring will have already arrived in the southern areas of our land. Even in the northern sections, the answer is still no to our question. Although the editor remembers several Wyoming April Easter Sundays when snow fell to various depths up to fifteen inches, even then he knew that spring would not be too long in coming.

Spring is a wonderful season of the year. It is especially a time of many opportunities for families. Whether your family numbers one or umpteen, be sure to make use of all that spring offers you for happier, more abundant, more useful family living. And do we not mean just "spring housecleaning"!

A Big Job Ahead

This is being written shortly after the Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth was held in Washington, D. C., in December. It was the fifth of such conferences held over as many decades. The holding of these meetings has resulted in many important consequences for children and their upbringing. Results coming from this assembly should prove just as fruitful.

The theme of the conference was "Children and Youth at the Midcentury." The emphasis was upon the factors affecting and entering into the development of healthy personality in children and youth.

The home, the school, and the church are faced with a big job. The size of the task is indicated by one fact which was brought out during the conference and is graphically pictured in the book of charts which was prepared for the conferees. During the five-year period between 1946 and 1950 over 17 million babies were born, the largest crop ever harvested in any similar period in our history! The adjustments necessary in order to help that group of infants attain and maintain healthy personalities are fairly staggering.

Homes will be affected for one thing in the need for more adequate housing in which to rear those 17 million bundles of possibilities.

Schools and churches will find it necessary to make many adjustments in the use of space in their buildings to take care of this great increase in the number of children under five years of age which began to swell the school population in the fall of 1950.

These are only the minimum adjustments called for by this bit of "vital statistics." The many other problems that are raised will find expression in *Hearthstone* as it attempts to do its part in helping the home meet this great opportunity. Mrs. Jessie B. Carlson and Elizabeth Tibbals, children's editors for *Hearthstone,* attended the conference and their experiences will be reflected in the articles appearing from time to time.

Hearthstone believes that what happened at this conference may have more far-reaching and long-lasting consequences for the benefit of mankind than any other single event in 1950.

How Did You Handle It?

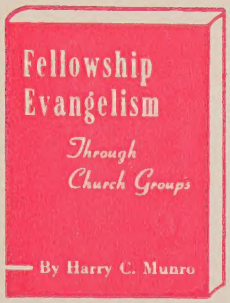
Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Writeups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

Farewell, Mrs. Hammond

Hearthstone has just learned (in December) that Eleanor Hammond was compelled some months ago to lay aside her typewriter by what some people call death. Her varied contributions have appeared frequently in these pages and we shall miss them. But we scoff at the idea that "death" can quench the spirit of one whose vital faith gleamed through all her writing. "She is not dead—she is just away."

Good Books for Home Reading





Some Time Every Day

By Mabel A. Niedermeyer. Thoughts, Scripture selections, poems and prayers to help children 9 to 11 think of God in relation to their ongoing experiences "some time every day." These simple devotionals guide readers in understanding basic Christian principles for their own daily living. $1.50



THE FUTURE IS NOW

By Homer W. Carpenter. A dynamic appeal to return to the moral and spiritual principles upon which our country was founded . . . to work toward creative ends rather than toward plunder and destruction . . . to educate people here and abroad for peace by setting an example of honest democratic living . . . to work for political reform based on intelligence and decency rather than on individual or group greed. $2.50

Fellowship Evangelism Through Church Groups

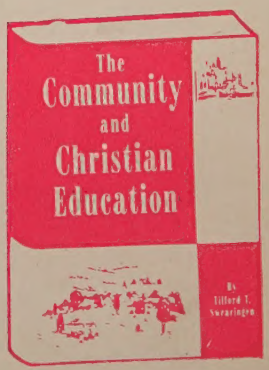
By Harry C. Munro. A new guide for more successful evangelistic work through the fellowship, study and service groups of the church. Deals with problems of obtaining a leader, getting laymen to accept their responsibilities, finding "lost" persons, carrying out a program of fellowship cultivation, preparing people for intelligent Christian discipleship, and planning a program of churchmanship . . . as well as giving a detailed schedule for setting up the project. $2.00

The Community and Christian Education

By Tilford T. Swearingen. An expanded report of an interdenominational study conference which considered seven basic types of communities. Detailed suggestions for conducting local discussions to meet religious educational needs. A valuable guide for ministers and lay leaders. $2.00

The Church and Christian Education

By Paul H. Vieth. The results of a two-year study by a committee of 59 of the country's most learned educators and churchmen simply interpreted for the average church worker. Here is the present status and philosophy of Christian education together with some next feasible steps that may be taken to improve the situation. $2.50



LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS

By Jack Finegan. Eighteen devotional essays for high-school and college-age youth which "add worth-while meaning to some of the great doctrines of religious living." Brief . . . absorbing illustrative material . . . picturesque style . . . rich in biblical material. $2.00

BE GLAD You're a Protestant!

By Harry C. Munro. A little book that will go far in transforming young people and adults from Protestants by parentage into Protestants by intelligent choice and firm conviction. Tells exactly what must be surrendered when a Protestant marries a Roman Catholic. Frank! Constructive! Informative! $1.50

God's Wonder World

By Bernice Bryant. A book of devotions for children 6 to 10 told in story form by a typical modern boy, David. How God works with man in building our wonder world of inventions with a brief prayer and appropriate Bible verse at the end of each devotional. $1.25

This Is God's World

By Mabel A. Niedermeyer. The first book on stewardship for children 9 to 11 presenting basic fundamentals of Christian living. Stories, poems, prayers and Scripture texts in simple language children love. Full color pictures and line drawings. 75 cents



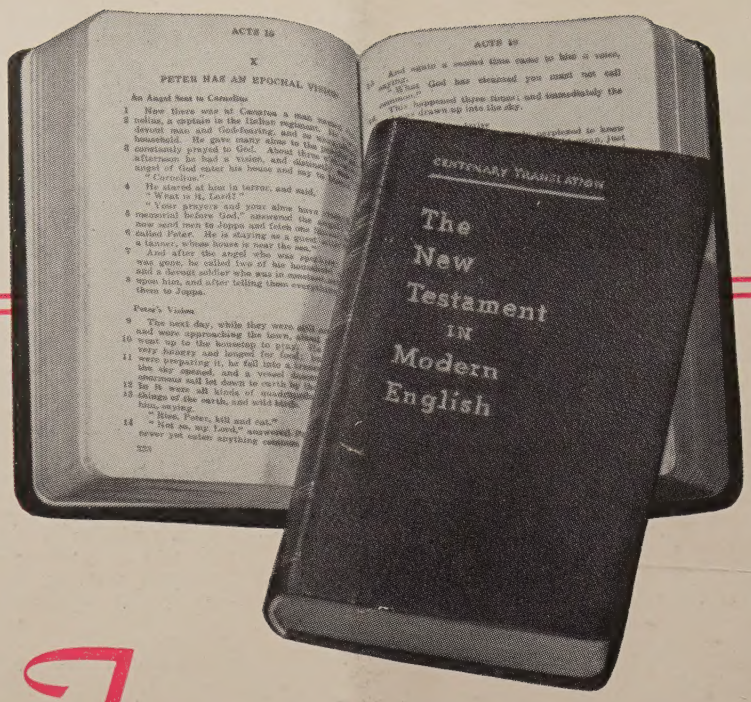
YOU AND YOUR MINISTER

By Hampton Adams. A challenging book that will go far in helping laymen learn more about the minister's work, the important part he plays in each member's experience, and ways to help the minister do a more effective job. $1.50



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